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STRIKES

A CERTAIN similarity may be made out between the strike as a politico-industrial weapon and the heavy gun as a military weapon: in each case its development as an arm of offence has been remarkably rapid during the last generation. When Thorold Rogers wrote, in 1884, strikes had been so uniformly unsuccessful that many economists held that this form of industrial combination had had no effect in bringing about such rises in wages as had taken place. Many military experts of that time would undoubtedly have taken their reputations, and even their money, on the power of such forts as those of Namur and Liège to resist any form of artillery. Thirty years later siege guns had not only demolished those forts, but had blown ring fortresses into the category of military antiquities: and strikes had proved so effective that capitalists had begun to lose faith in the defensive power of unmasked rings and vested interests, and to take refuge in that blessed invention of the war, camouflage.

Metaphors are kittle cattle to drive, and easily ridden to death, but one more point of similarity between strikes and guns must be made. Both were known, in a feeble form, in mediæval times, being then noisy and alarming rather than destructive, and often more dangerous to the user than to the enemy; for the fifteenth-century cannon frequently burst and landed its gunner in hospital, and the fifteenth-century strike with still greater regularity landed its leaders in gaol. As early as 1350 cannon had taken their place in the armies of England, and it had become the custom among the clothworkers of London, if there was any dispute between a man and his master, for such a man "to go to all the men within the City of the same trade, and then, by covin and conspiracy between them, they would order that no one among them should work, or serve his own master, until the said master and his servant had come to an agreement."

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Needless to say, such unseemly conduct was forbidden, but with what success records do not appear to relate. Still, the rebellious and conspiring craftsmen might have pleaded the example of their spiritual superiors. For what was the Interdict but a prodigious strike? Or again, when the clergy combined to refuse payment of taxation for the defence of the realm, this was a strike, and, moreover, an undoubted strike against the community; while King Edward's retort of outlawry was a lock-out which speedily brought them to reason. On a smaller scale there was the case of the monks of Winchester, who on some quarrel with their bishop—of which the cause has slipped my memory—suspended their services to organize a procession, not round the town with banners, but round the triforium, widdershins (*i.e.* from west to east, against the course of the sun and the port), with crosses reversed. An even better case occurred at Oxford in 1288, when the masters forced the Bishop of Lincoln to accept their nominee as Chancellor by going on strike and refusing to lecture till he did so.

The University of Oxford, however, had still earlier earned fame and enforced regard for its privileges by that further development of the strike—the secession. When that

hot-tempered monarch King John had hanged for murder three clerks who were not only innocent, but also members of the University, the entire body, masters and students, to the alleged number of three thousand, migrated to Cambridge and Reading and elsewhere.

Most famous of all secessions in history was, of course, that in the early days of the Republic at Rome, not long after the king that "was callit Archy" (presumably by his intimate friends, as the outside world knew him better as Tarquin) had been expelled, when the plebeians "past ovre the river of Anien to the sacrate montane thre myles fra Rome," and there "garnist thare tentis with maist sober trinschis and fowseis and held thame self quiet certaine days"; to the great alarm of the patricians, who,

being "richt pensive in thare myndis," sent Menenius Agrippa, "ane richt facound oratoure," to talk to them. He, it will be remembered, told them the fable of how "the remanent members of the body tuke hie indignacioun agains the wame, thinkand richt unworthy that thare hail sollicitude, thare hale labour and besyness was direkkit to na uthir fyne bot alanerlie for the plesere of the wame," and successfully pointed the moral of "this intestyne seditioun." Agrippa's fable might have been told with even greater propriety to the bakers of Coventry, who in 1484 "in gret nombre, riottesly disposed, assembled theym and unlawfully confedered, and sodenly departed oute of the seid Cite unto Bakynnton [most suitable of sites!], levyng the seid Cite destitute of bred; wherthorough not only straungers resortyng to the seid Cite and the inhabitauntes of the same were unvittailled, in gretly noysyng the seid Cite and villany and reproche of the seid Maire and all the officers thereof." Whatever the cause of this rebellion, it collapsed ignominiously, and the bakers, possibly finding it impossible to live by taking in each other's baking, returned to Coventry and paid a heavy fine.

Bakers were also concerned in a strike conspiracy at Dover in 1546, when they, with the brewers, coopers, carpenters, etc., employed on the King's work, obstinately refused to work any longer unless they had their full pay, and if any "for his lewdnes" was sent to prison, all the rest would remain idle until he was released; "which maner of dealing semed in no wise to be suffred in any one man, moche lesse in a wilfull multitude"; so orders were given for the arrest of the ringleaders. This was a case of striking for wages due—as two centuries and a half earlier Gunnora, laundrymaid to the first English Prince of Wales, declined to get on with the washing until her wages were paid; but in 1677 it is recorded that a party of men went through Trowbridge with a fiddler, calling on all who were on their side to follow them, their object being to raise wages for working twelve hours a day from 6s. to 6s. 6d. a week. Needless to say they were unsuccessful, and their outrageous demand was treated with scorn; just as when, in 1790, the needy knife-grinders, or rather scissors-grinders, of Sheffield struck for higher wages, their masters retorted, in the spirit if not in the actual words, "We give you sixpence? We will see you damned first!" and did actually see five of them safely lodged in gaol.

L. F. SALZMAN.

DISILLUSION

How weary Love has grown! See how she lies
Careless who sees her bosom, or whose lips
Steal her once-guarded treasures—how her eyes
Droop on her wan cheeks, while her tired hand grips
Half madly yet half languidly upon
The blossoms plucked that morning long ago
When she first wandered forth where meadows shone
With all the glad surprise and morning glow
Of youth. Come, let us gently pass her by,
For thus, asleep, she may forget her shame,
Her garments torn, and her lost ecstasy.
Yes, let her sleep who has outlived her fame.
And then, perchance, 'mid that uneasy rest
Death may creep up and clothe her naked breast.

RICHARD CHURCH.

ON BEING ECONOMICAL

THE newspapers send up a cry for greater economy, and the individual, who has been pinched for the last five years, wonders how much longer he will be able to meet the increased cost of living. The expense of the summer holiday is now over, and the problems of the second half of the financial year confront every owner of a not too well-lined purse. Some people have a gift for making both ends meet over any circumference, some cannot rest content unless there is considerable selvage to spare, and others, whether in fat years or in lean, are by nature incapable of finishing up on the right side of the ledger. The first class is rewarded by the success of its contrivance, however weary its process may have been; the second, if unduly apprehensive and tending to the miserly, is to be congratulated on attaining peace of mind, if only temporary, at each balancing of accounts; but the third, though it gains more precarious enjoyment, ever heedless of the day of reckoning, is the one really to be pitied. It suffers agonies and embarrassments untold, yet is unable to find a reason for its failure or a cure for its errors. Yet the members of this class are often really the most admirable in their attitude to money. Those who make both ends meet, either to a nicety or with something to spare, are apt to become too absorbed in their problem. They feel uneasy at the sight of money passing from themselves to others; they handle their purses shrewdly, inserting well-trained, meticulous fingers which can be trusted not to pull out half-a-crown when two shillings will do; and they take out their cheque-books with a sigh, fearfully glancing at the balance neatly noted in the counterfoil. They can undertake nothing without counting the cost. If they fall into the temptation of an expensive pleasure, a slight shadow is cast over their enjoyment, and they are checked in their enterprises by the friction between coin and pocket. But the gay spenders whose outlay, without being truly wild and reckless, is always a little larger than their receipts, are the people to whom money is neither a god nor a cherished possession, but only a means to agreeable ends. If the end is mere personal enjoyment of a sensual kind, they have the lie in the soul and deserve the bitter reward of their own folly. But these fine, careless spenders are usually less selfish and more generous than the successful economists. They have warm impulses and gratify them without a qualm: money enables them to give substance to their ideas and reality to their imaginations. It is just a medium, like petrol to a motor cylinder, and they use it to the last drop without thinking of the level in the tank, for their ideas are always in advance of their capacities, and when one child of the imagination is being clothed a hundred others are born in the process. To such a one shopping is an endless temptation. He—and more often she—cannot set his face sternly towards one article and bear it stonily away, looking neither to the right nor to the left. He cannot resist some particularly attractive accompaniment, some appropriate gift for a friend, some sudden apparition of a long-felt want, some inevitable improvement for the

comfort of life. He seldom knows how much money he has on him to begin with, and he pours it out without counting, thinking not of it, but of what it buys. He runs up a bill quite confident in future ability to pay, only to be astounded later by the accumulated audacity of his confidence. He will never be mean, for his pocket is in his clothes—not in his heart: comparative poverty will not starve his imagination, and no wealth will be too great for his ideas. It is his tragedy that his wealth is always too small for them, since, seeing all the admirable uses to which money can be put, he cannot circumscribe himself to the poor few which his income will cover.

Madame de Warens, lavish of her person as well as of her purse, was one of these, as Rousseau, himself no miser, did not scruple to point out. His description of this amiable, if ruinous quality in his mistress is applicable to so many whom we know:

Elle étoit née pour les grandes affaires . . . Ses talents ont été déplacés; ce qui eût fait sa gloire dans une situation plus élevée a fait sa perte dans celle où elle a vécu. Dans les choses qui étoient à sa portée, elle étendoit toujours son plan dans sa tête et voyoit toujours son objet en grand. Cela faisoit qu'en employant des moyens proportionnés à ses vues plus qu'à ses forces elle échouoit par la faute des autres; et son projet venant à manquer, elle étoit ruinée ou d'autres n'auroient presque rien perdu.

There are some fortunate individuals who seem able to snap their fingers in the face of prudence with impunity. Their motto is always to do themselves well and to have the best of everything, as well as to give it, because, as they say, it pays in the end. If they cast any bread upon the waters—they would cast nothing but the finest new wheaten loaf—it will return to them well buttered. They go to the best hotels, where they meet people who are of use to them: their sumptuous trappings give them assurance which shows their capabilities in their best light. They are the Rolls-Royces among men, who need a flood of petrol or they are useless. The strange thing is that they usually get it without difficulty. But we betide the runabouts of this world who, not having the Rolls-Royce temperament, use its maxims as their own sophisms! That the best always pays is only true if you can pay for the best, or get somebody to do so for you; and an unwillingness to spoil a ship for a ha'porth of tar is only justified if your income runs to something larger than a rowing boat.

Nevertheless, whatever trouble unwarranted expenditure of money may bring to all except the lucky few, it is questionable whether economy in its essence is a virtue, however valuable it may be as a safeguard. The word is often used as if it were synonymous with thrift, which it is not. It strictly means good management and avoidance of waste. As such it is praiseworthy, but can hardly be exalted to the plane of loving-kindness or genius. Thrift, too, is only praiseworthy within limits. Old Grandet was far less admirable than poor cousin Pons. After all, there is nothing particularly virtuous in checking expenditure irrespective of its possible object, for wealth is only energy, and to keep it idle is to withdraw it from the community for a time. The fact that money is one of the few forms in which energy can

be stored without deterioration for an indefinite time has given a special dignity to the saving propensity when applied to money. Somebody benefits by it in time, so that the effort of thrift always appears to be justified. In other activities, not altogether logically, we are not so apt to look on thrift with admiration. The man who carefully measures the energy that he puts into a task is not the best workman, and the artist who doles out his talent has usually little enough to draw upon. Genius at work has always been extravagant, both of intellectual energy and bodily health, and we habitually forget our debt to this great extravagance which enriches us when we reflect reproachfully on the lesser extravagance which only ruined our benefactor. When we judge Byron we seldom take into account what he spent on "Don Juan," nor do we remember how much of his greater self Benvenuto Cellini put into a silver cup when we hold up our hands over his immortalities. The profusion of Mozart and Schubert is their glory, and not their shame; and what economy could have produced the cathedral at Rheims?

Economy at its best is the power of extracting the most from any given amount of energy or power. There are few better examples of economy than the good motor-driver who, by care of his machine, by cunningly adjusting his levers, by taking his corners slowly, by nursing his machine up hills and easing it on declines, obtains the maximum mileage from a gallon of petrol and has the smallest bill of repairs. A bad example of economy is the owner of a motor who refrains from using it because petrol and rubber are so dear. But if a dead machine be left out of the question, and the man himself be taken as the power unit, it is interesting to speculate where true economy comes in. In one sense the question is easy, for society can always be regarded as a system in which a few individuals are the drivers and the majority are the driven, so that the economy of the capitalist and the factory owner is the same as that of the motor-driver, the faculty of getting the best out of his unit by reasonable care and adjustment, in which a steady drip from the oil-tap of courtesy and consideration is no unimportant item. But the question is more complicated when restricted to the individual. Here the driver and the engine are one, and science has not yet discovered nor has philosophy divulged where the directing mind ends or the mere machine begins.

Who is the true economist of himself? Is it the man who treats his body with respect, clothing it well, feeding it judiciously, resting it when tired, diverting it when bored, keeping plenty of energy in hand for emergencies and taking all major repairs promptly to the doctor? Possibly he is, and yet it would seem that in spending so much forethought on conserving physical energy he may be wastefully spending the much more precious and volatile energy of the spirit. England is full of these good body-economists. They keep fit, they look rosy and well, they get through their daily task with the ease of a smoothly running engine and forget all about it over their evening rubber. A healthy Englishman is a pleasant sight, and the community cannot afford to do without him, but one is at times visited with doubts as to

the total sum of energy which his own particular motor contributes to the great dynamo of the world. The really powerful individual engines seem to care little about the conservation of energy. Something drives them on, no matter what the conditions. They will shake themselves to death with screws loose; they will struggle on, groaning for want of oil; rest to them is waste, and repair a needless delay. And so they clatter themselves away, pounding day and night, to an early scrap-heap. They may be bad economists, but their effect is wonderful. Men point to the work that they have done, and their names are remembered with honour long after they have been scrapped beyond all re-assembly. Luckily, perhaps, for the world, few men or women are blessed with this superabundance of energy, for none can hold them in check and the voice of prudence is drowned in their explosions. Yet occasions come to most of us when we must make the momentous choice between economy of ourselves and extravagance. To all leaders, to all healers, to all soldiers, to all with a message and to all with a light, whether it be in art, science, philosophy or social service, such moments must come; there is usually little doubt about the decision, for its result on their own mechanisms is usually the least element in forming it. Fortunate then are those who, having been economical in small things, can pass cheerfully to extravagance in greater, breaking the habits and dissipating the energy of a lifetime.

ORLO WILLIAMS.

SONNET

There is no atom of corporeal things
Transcends its show. When barbed beauty, sent
Through every porch, begets a ravishment
As of some strong æthereal hand that flings
Eternal tunes across Time's trembling strings,
Forbear, with scalpel of vain wit, to tent
The world's dumb walls, wherein no song is pent,
Nor prise the throat about the voice that sings.

Not hills endure. All bases are sea-sport,
Scared to their height, the staggered Heavens count
For each live lamp, that grimly burns to ice,
A million stanch'd. Death blows his shunless mort
Across the mystic waters, as they mount
To grip the narrow grave where Nature lies.

F. V. BRANFORD.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

In act to say farewell, my voice I stay,
And rein it back again, and linger on.
It daunts me so to part from thee and, fills me with
dismay
More than the bitter night of Acheron.

For thou art light to me as daylight dear,
And dearer too, for daylight hath no tongue,
But thou bring'st speech more sweet to me than Sirens'
songs to hear—
Thy speech whereon my soul's whole hopes are hung.

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REVIEWS

THE VISION OF MR. BERNARD SHAW

HEARTBREAK HOUSE, GREAT CATHERINE, AND FLAVIUS OF THE WAR. By Bernard Shaw. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

THERE was, we believe, once a time when to the general public Mr. Shaw's prefaces were infinitely more extravagant than the play which they introduced, which in their turn were infinitely more extravagant than anything the general public could reasonably be expected to read. In those days the advanced critics, we seem to remember, felt a muffled and proportionate shock; they were never quite sure whether the whimsicality and the paradox were legitimate. Was Mr. Shaw serious or was he not? Was he perhaps really pulling—oh, ever so little—even their cultivated leg? And since it was felt (very wisely felt) to be rash to hazard a definite opinion—if you said he was not serious, Mr. Shaw had a way of writing to the papers and making you look a pompous ass; if you said he was, well what would your friends and above all your editor think of you?—a characteristic compromise was arranged. Mr. Shaw was declared to be a serious comedian with a gift for self-advertisement. He was serious, but he didn't mean anything; he was serious, but not to be taken seriously. His plays were comic. You couldn't help laughing at them; you couldn't, alas! help reading them. So in the prefaces Mr. Shaw took a mean advantage of the public. He had its head in chancery, and he pummelled it. They were a kind of high-spirited practical joke in a rather doubtful taste.

The question is, how long can the attitude be kept up? After all, it is a difficult piece of equilibristism at the best of times, distinctly more difficult even than the general alternative, which is to look hard at Mr. Shaw and to declare that there ain't no such person. Of late the simpler attitude has been the more popular, perhaps because the fatigue of the more complicated one was beginning to be felt. The division of mankind into patriots and pro-Germans came as a heaven-sent interlude, a pool of silence into which "Common Sense about the War" and "Peace Conference Hints" could most conveniently be dropped. But that interlude is now perceptibly nearing its end, and here, before the new division into patriots and Bolsheviks has been decently established, is Mr. Shaw again with his usual perverse aptitude for buttonholing public opinion when it is off one hobbyhorse and has not had time to get on to another.

Nevertheless, the odds are heavy that it will get away again, or at least that the greater portion of it will get away. But the effect of "Heartbreak House" upon the small remainder may be curious. Curious, because the last four years have left Mr. Shaw pretty much where he always was, while they have flung the majority of his audience catastrophically adrift from what little anchorage they may have had. Their position has changed and with it the angle of Mr. Shaw's impact upon them. Now the preface to "Heartbreak House" appears to them like a lucid and concise narrative of their common experience, while the play upon which it is to some extent a commentary seems fantastic farce. This is, in the main, a reversal of the old order. To our former sense the balance of reality and unreality lay the other way.

That is merely a constatement. To attempt to explain it might be interesting; it would certainly lead us too far from our subject. We can merely accept the change and endeavour to make more precise the character of our present impression. The play "Heartbreak House" appears half-procession, half-pandemonium; it is like one of those portentous American cinematograph films, in which a fat

man kills hundreds of people at lightning speed with a mallet as big as a lamppost. As a matter of fact, only one or two people are killed in "Heartbreak House," but the effect is of the same kind. All the characters seem to be scurrying about with the intense crazy logic of lunatics. Mr. Shaw, who knows what he is about better than any other English writer of his generation, must have intended this impression; and we must assume that he means it when he says that "Heartbreak House" is not merely the name of the play. . . . It is cultured, leisured Europe before the war. All that we can reply is that we do not recognize it. Perhaps Europe may have presented some such spectacle to the eye of the Man in the Moon; but it would have appeared very different if he had come close enough to see the faces and hear the speech of a real Heartbreak House. Its inmates were futile; but they were not futile in this way.

Moreover, we are haunted by a faint suspicion. Although there may be some unfairness in turning an author's confession against himself, the comparison with "The Cherry Orchard," of which Mr. Shaw deliberately reminds us on the first page of his preface, could not possibly be escaped. It would, in any case, have leaped to the eye. Can it be that Mr. Shaw has tried directly to imitate that marvellous play?

Tchekov's plays, he writes, being less intricate than swings and roundabouts, got no further in England, where theatres are only ordinary commercial affairs, than a couple of performances by the Stage Society. We stared and said, "How Russian!" They did not strike me in that way. Just as Ibsen's intensely Norwegian plays exactly fitted every middle and professional class suburb in Europe, these intensely Russian plays fitted all the country houses in Europe in which the pleasures of music, art, literature and the theatre had supplanted hunting, shooting, fishing, flirting, eating and drinking. . . .

It is probably true; but somehow a nuance of falsehood has crept in. "The Cherry Orchard" is typical, but not typical in exactly the sense Mr. Shaw would have us believe. His statement is inaccurate because it is downright. There is not, as the mathematical logicians would say, a one-to-one correspondence between the futility of the Russian intelligentsia and our own; therefore the formula by which the one is completely expressed cannot be used to express the other. The corresponding object has to be seen and studied in and for itself. Instead of this, we suspect that Mr. Shaw has projected the Russian formula on to English society. The result is chaos and pandemonium. We do not mean that "Heartbreak House," when it is produced in the English theatre, will appear mere nonsense. Mr. Shaw is too great a master of verbal felicity of dialogue for that to happen. Quite probably it will be intensely amusing on the stage, and an English audience will surely appreciate the incoherencies of Captain Shotover better than they can the delicate inconsequences of the billiard-playing uncle of "The Cherry Orchard."

What we do mean is that "Heartbreak House" cannot be made the foundation or even an illustration of any argument concerning English society. As a picture, it simply is not true. Were the idea not fantastic, we would charge Mr. Shaw with having a little notion of English society as his Englishman had of "John Bull's Other Island." That is, of course, not credible. What has really happened, we believe, is that even Mr. Shaw has fallen into the pit in which so many of our younger writers have ignominiously floundered. He has tried to transpose the Russians. Superior to his fellow-victims, Mr. Shaw has landed on his feet. He is immaculate, self-composed, master of the situation. But a pit is a pit; one can't see very much either in or out of it, after all.

Then we come to the crucial juxtaposition: this preface and that play. Two-thirds at least of the preface—all of it with the exception of one or two paradoxical pages on Churches and Theatres—are masterly. As a ruthless

analysis and description of England during the war in a prose that is really prose, that will follow a sinuous and subtle argument with no more apparent effort than a bee hovering about a flower-bed, the preface to "Heartbreak House" is incomparable. Here, if you like, is an anatomy of society. This Heartbreak House we know and recognize. To describe it with such concise fidelity the writer needed to stand well away from the reality. He needed not to be distracted by the disturbing emotions that attend the spectacle of individual heartbreaks and catastrophes. And we suspect that it is precisely the faculty which enabled him to see true England and the war as a whole, which brought him to grief when he tried to focus a house-full of English people. One cannot accustom oneself to a change of spectacles in a day.

J. M. M.

TACEAT MULIER?

The Ministry of Women. A Report by a Committee appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury. (S.P.C.K. 12s. 6s. net.)

THE Christian religion presents to those who believe in it the difficulty of a system that claims to be final inserted into a world where everything changes. Nor is this the whole problem. Were Christian doctrine a list of fixed propositions, and Christian morality a code of commandments, the believer's task would be simple, however trying. He would just have to hold his intellectual Hengist. But, within limits which it is not easy to define, Christianity itself progresses; its dogma has already been adapted to Jewish Messianism, to Neoplatonism and the Aristotelianism of the scholastics; while the details of its organization have been modelled in turn on the Synagogue, on the administration of the Roman Empire, on the ideal of feudal overlordship, on the centralized bureaucracy of the modern State. Though the Church has preserved essential continuity, it has seldom failed to come to terms with the age.

Among the requirements of the present day, more imperious even than the claim to democracy, is the claim to the equalization of the sexes. Here, too, the Church is called to revise its methods, and to decide how far its traditions may rightly be modified. This task of discrimination calls for patience, and impatience is the badge of theologians. There will be trouble over this question; if heads and tempers are lost, there may be convulsions. The Committee appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury to investigate "the Ministry of Women" shows no desire to be drawn into the controversy. It has not dealt, it says in its Report, with "questions bearing upon sex in comparative or speculative theology, nor with the reasons why women have never been ordained to the priesthood." This is not patience so much as pusillanimity. For those are precisely the questions that people are raising.

The materials provided in the valuable historical appendices to the Report make plain that from the beginning sacerdotal and teaching functions have been denied by the Church to women. One cannot say women have always been kept from "preaching"; nuns instruct Catechisms of children in Anglican and Roman Catholic churches at this day. But the principle holds, as Dr. Mason states it:

She [woman] was not to be regarded as the accredited and responsible guardian and exponent of the Faith. . . . It would have been in conflict with the Apostolic conception of the relation between the sexes.

That is the rub. It is the "Apostolic conception" which is called in question to-day, as the relic of a dead civilization. The questioners might make their own Cardinal Newman's complaint of certain Fathers, whose language about the Virgin Mary has proved a scandal to the promoters of her cult:—

They seem to have participated . . . in that low estimation of woman's nature which was general in their times. In the broad

the total sum of energy which his own particular motor contributes to the great dynamo of the world. The really powerful individual engines seem to care little about the conservation of energy. Something drives them on, no matter what the conditions. They will shake themselves to death with screws loose; they will struggle on, groaning for want of oil; rest to them is waste, and repair a needless delay. And so they clatter themselves away, pounding day and night, to an early scrap-heap. They may be bad economists, but their effect is wonderful. Men point to the work that they have done, and their names are remembered with honour long after they have been scrapped beyond all re-assembly. Luckily, perhaps, for the world, few men or women are blessed with this superabundance of energy, for none can hold them in check and the voice of prudence is drowned in their explosions. Yet occasions come to most of us when we must make the momentous choice between economy of ourselves and extravagance. To all leaders, to all healers, to all soldiers, to all with a message and to all with a light, whether it be in art, science, philosophy or social service, such moments must come: there is usually little doubt about the decision, for its result on their own mechanisms is usually the least element in forming it. Fortunate then are those who, having been economical in small things, can pass cheerfully to extravagance in greater, breaking the habits and dissipating the energy of a lifetime.

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Not hills endure. All bases are sea-sport.
Scared to their height, the staggered Heavens count
For each live lamp, that grimly burns to ice,
A million stanch'd. Death blows his shunless mort
Across the mystic waters, as they mount
To grip the narrow grave where Nature lies.

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Nevertheless, the odds are heavy that it will get away again, or at least that the greater portion of it will get away. But the effect of "Heartbreak House" upon the small remainder may be curious. Curious, because the last four years have left Mr. Shaw pretty much where he always was, while they have flung the majority of his audience catastrophically adrift from what little anchorage they may have had. Their position has changed and with it the angle of Mr. Shaw's impact upon them. Now the preface to "Heartbreak House" appears to them like a lucid and concise narrative of their common experience, while the play upon which it is to some extent a commentary seems fantastic farce. This is, in the main, a reversal of the old order. To our former sense the balance of reality and unreality lay the other way.

That is merely a constatation. To attempt to explain it might be interesting; it would certainly lead us too far from our subject. We can merely accept the change and endeavour to make more precise the character of our present impression. The play "Heartbreak House" appears half-procession, half-pandemonium; it is like one of those portentous American cinematograph films, in which a fat

man kills hundreds of people at lightning speed with a mallet as big as a lamppost. As a matter of fact, only one or two people are killed in "Heartbreak House," but the effect is of the same kind. All the characters seem to be scurrying about with the intense crazy logic of lunatics. Mr. Shaw, who knows what he is about better than any other English writer of his generation, must have intended this impression; and we must assume that he means it when he says that "'Heartbreak House' is not merely the name of the play . . . It is cultured, leisured Europe before the war." All that we can reply is that we do not recognize it. Perhaps Europe may have presented some such spectacle to the eye of the Man in the Moon; but it would have appeared very different if he had come close enough to see the faces and hear the speech of a real Heartbreak House. Its inmates were futile; but they were not futile in this way.

Moreover, we are haunted by a faint suspicion. Although there may be some unfairness in turning an author's confession against himself, the comparison with "The Cherry Orchard," of which Mr. Shaw deliberately reminds us on the first page of his preface, could not possibly be escaped. It would, in any case, have leaped to the eye. Can it be that Mr. Shaw has tried directly to imitate that marvellous play?

Tchekov's plays [he writes], being less lucrative than swings and roundabouts, got no further in England, where theatres are only ordinary commercial affairs, than a couple of performances by the Stage Society. We stared and said, "How Russian!" They did not strike me in that way. Just as Ibsen's intensely Norwegian plays exactly fitted every middle and professional class suburb in Europe, these intensely Russian plays fitted all the country houses in Europe in which the pleasures of music, art, literature and the theatre had supplanted hunting, shooting, fishing, flirting, eating and drinking . . .

It is probably true; but somehow a nuance of falsehood has crept in. "The Cherry Orchard" is typical, but not typical in exactly the sense Mr. Shaw would have us believe. His statement is inaccurate because it is downright. There is not, as the mathematical logicians would say, a one-to-one correspondence between the futility of the Russian *intelligentsia* and our own; therefore the formula by which the one is completely expressed cannot be used to express the other. The corresponding object has to be seen and studied in and for itself. Instead of this, we suspect that Mr. Shaw has projected the Russian formula on to English society. The result is chaos and pandemonium. We do not mean that "Heartbreak House," when it is produced in the English theatre, will appear mere nonsense. Mr. Shaw is too great a master of verbal felicity of dialogue for that to happen. Quite probably it will be intensely amusing on the stage, and an English audience will surely appreciate the incoherencies of Captain Shotover better than they can the delicate inconsequences of the billiard-playing uncle of "The Cherry Orchard."

What we do mean is that "Heartbreak House" cannot be made the foundation or even an illustration of any argument concerning English society. As a picture, it simply is not true. Were the idea not fantastic, we would charge Mr. Shaw with having as little notion of English society as his Englishman had of "John Bull's Other Island." That is, of course, not credible. What has really happened, we believe, is that even Mr. Shaw has fallen into the pit in which so many of our younger writers have ignominiously floundered. He has tried to transpose the Russians. Superior to his fellow-victims, Mr. Shaw has landed on his feet. He is immaculate, self-composed, master of the situation. But a pit is a pit; one can't see very much either in or out of it, after all.

Then we come to the crucial juxtaposition: this preface and that play. Two-thirds at least of the preface—all of it with the exception of one or two paradoxical pages on Churches and Theatres—are masterly. As a ruthless

analysis and description of England during the war in a prose that is really prose, that will follow a sinuous and subtle argument with no more apparent effort than a bee hovering about a flower-bed, the preface to "Heartbreak House" is incomparable. Here, if you like, is an anatomy of society. This Heartbreak House we know and recognize. To describe it with such concise fidelity the writer needed to stand well away from the reality. He needed not to be distracted by the disturbing emotions that attend the spectacle of individual heartbreaks and catastrophes. And we suspect that it is precisely the faculty which enabled him to see true England and the war as a whole, which brought him to grief when he tried to focus a house-full of English people. One cannot accustom oneself to a change of spectacles in a day.

J. M. M.

TACEAT MULIER ?

THE MINISTRY OF WOMEN. A Report by a Committee appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury. (S.P.C.K. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE Christian religion presents to those who believe in it the difficulty of a system that claims to be final inserted into a world where everything changes. Nor is this the whole problem. Were Christian doctrine a list of fixed propositions, and Christian morality a code of commandments, the believer's task would be simple, however trying. He would just have to hold his intellectual Hougomont. But, within limits which it is not easy to define, Christianity itself progresses; its dogma has already been adapted to Jewish Messianism, to Neoplatonism and the Aristotelianism of the scholastics; while the details of its organization have been modelled in turn on the Synagogue, on the administration of the Roman Empire, on the ideal of feudal overlordship, on the centralized bureaucracy of the modern State. Though the Church has preserved essential continuity, it has seldom failed to come to terms with the age.

Among the requirements of the present day, more imperious even than the claim to democracy, is the claim to the equalization of the sexes. Here, too, the Church is called to revise its methods, and to decide how far its traditions may rightly be modified. This task of discrimination calls for patience, and impatience is the badge of theologians. There will be trouble over this question; if heads and tempers are lost, there may be convulsions. The Committee appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury to investigate "the Ministry of Women" shows no desire to be drawn into the controversy. It has not dealt, it says in its Report, with "questions bearing upon sex in comparative or speculative theology, nor with the reasons why women have never been ordained to the priesthood." This is not patience so much as pusillanimity. For those are precisely the questions that people are raising.

The materials provided in the valuable historical appendices to the Report make plain that from the beginning sacerdotal and teaching functions have been denied by the Church to women. One cannot say women have always been kept from "preaching"; nuns instruct Catechisms of children in Anglican and Roman Catholic churches at this day. But the principle holds, as Dr. Mason states it:

She [woman] was not to be regarded as the accredited and responsible guardian and exponent of the Faith . . . It would have been in conflict with the Apostolic conception of the relation between the sexes.

That is the rub. It is the "Apostolic conception" which is called in question to-day, as the relic of a dead civilization. The questioners might make their own Cardinal Newman's complaint of certain Fathers, whose language about the Virgin Mary has proved a scandal to the promoters of her cult:—

They seem to have participated . . . in that low estimation of woman's nature which was general in their times. In the broad

imperial world the conception entertained of womankind was not high; it seemed only to perpetuate the poetical tradition of the "Varium et mutabile semper." Little was then known of that true nobility, which is exemplified in the females of the Gothic and German races, and in those of the old Jewish stock, Miriam, Deborah, Judith and Susanna, the forerunners of Mary.

Is the exclusion of women from the priesthood based on nothing better than a prejudice like this? It seems to us that the line of cleavage on this issue will come between those for whom the Catholic Church is a body of fallible men and women struggling towards truth, and those for whom it is a supernatural organism, divinely assisted in choosing and refusing. If there is any value in the line of thought by which some years ago Mr. Mallock tried to show from biological analogies the organic character of Church life and development, it will not follow that the instinct in question was wrong because in the arguments by which it was supported an admixture of outworn ideas can be detected. The Church (to use an example suggested by Dr. Mason in the Appendix already quoted) is committed to a doctrine of parental authority. This is commonly based on the fifth of the Jewish Commandments, delivered in an age when the *patria potestas* was often a barbaric tyranny. Yet the ethical value of the maxim thus accredited is not held as a rule to be impaired by this circumstance. It commends itself to the Christian sense of fitness, which is educated by the mind of the brotherhood. It may be urged that Church history shows an evolution of this ethical sense, and an evolution that is sometimes catastrophic. Between the rigours of the early penitential system and the admirable charity of the modern confessional there is a difference which a critic might call a *volte-face*. But it was a Pope who initiated this revolution, and it will be to the commissioned guardians of the faith that prudent Churchmen will look for similar changes. Until they move tradition retains its full weight.

This, of course, is one side of the question. The Report shows plainly that privileges enjoyed by women in the Church have been withdrawn for no sufficient reason. Why has the order of deaconesses, the history of which is exhaustively investigated in several Appendices by expert hands, been allowed practically to lapse and vanish into the convents? A whole range of administration and guidance, involving duties, all of which can be performed by women, and some of which women only can perform, is disclosed in the book before us. It would give strength and dignity to the female church-worker if her labours were consecrated thus by authority. Nor is this all. Some of the clergy are apt to take on a tone in speaking of women which demands emphatic reprobation. What could be pettier than the way in which the great Abbesses of the Continent have been in so many places deprived of the episcopal insignia which they once enjoyed? Mr. Francis Eeles' charmingly written Appendix on the dress and insignia of religious women contains a host of valuable suggestions. Why, for instance, should not secular Canonesses be revived, with their habits, vestments and privileges in choir? Women have so long been the chief attendants at choir services in the English Church that their fidelity might well be rewarded. And, apart from more worthy reasons, it would be a great gain in picturesqueness. Anyone who studies the illustrations to Mr. Eeles' article will see the force of this idea. Mitres, maniples and pastoral staves should go to Clewer, to Wantage and the All Saints' Sisterhood as a tardy act of reparation. But what would we not give to know that figures like those shown here of the eighteenth-century Canonesses of Cologne and Nivelles could be seen in church at Margaret Street and elsewhere? After all, what religion lets go is picked up by the world. If costumes like these are ignored by the church authorities, they may one day catch the eye of M. Diaghileff.

A SPECULATION ON THE TRINITY

THE ORIGIN OF THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY: A POPULAR EXPOSITION. By Rendel Harris. (Manchester, University Press; London, Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.)

BROWNING'S Spanish monk, snarling at brother Lawrence, reflects with satisfaction:

I the Trinity illustrate,
Drinking watered orange-pulp—
In three sips the Arian frustrate;
While he drinks his at one gulp.

The casual reader of this pamphlet may at first imagine that Dr. Rendel Harris is only proving the Trinity by an equally fantastic method. "What we propose to do," he remarks, "is to show that by the discovery of two fresh facts the whole matter of the evolution of the Trinity is put in a new light." The first of these facts is that Wisdom was a primitive conception of Christ, that "historically the first impression He made upon His disciples and His compatriots was that of an abnormal, supernatural Wisdom," and that this view of Christ's person goes back to the cycle of poetic and semi-philosophic ideas about Wisdom as a divine Agent, which is preserved in the eighth chapter of the Book of Proverbs and allied passages in the sapiential literature of the later Judaism.

Now, there is some evidence in the gospels themselves, e.g. in a passage like Luke xi. 49 ("Therefore also said the Wisdom of God") where words from some lost book of Wisdom are put into the lips of Jesus, that in some circles it was felt that there was nothing incongruous between Jesus as prophet and Wisdom as the proclaimer of the divine will. But this is no more than incidental. The whole stress of the synoptic gospels is upon the Messianic conception. Dr. Harris appeals to 1 Cor. i. 24, where St. Paul describes Christ as the Wisdom of God, but the context of the argument suggests that the apostle is using "wisdom" here, not in its Hebrew sense, but in one more familiar to the Greek Christians who overvalued the Hellenistic rhetorical philosophy.

However, his main reliance is upon his second fact, viz., that previous to the New Testament books a Christian book of Testimonies was in circulation, which contains our real Creed, and which started from the idea that Jesus was the Wisdom, not the Messiah, of God. This would be a revolutionary and vital fact, if it could be proved. Dr. Harris has been at the proof already. He merely sketches his arguments here for the literary basis, and proceeds to deduce the theological. But neither sounds convincing. When one reflects on the strong eschatological temper of the primitive Church, it becomes less surprising that a generation passed before any attempt was made to give a written record of Jesus. And even in the first generation, beginnings had been made. The date of Q, the common source of the synoptic gospels, goes back probably to that first age, for example. It is true to say that the earliest books must have risen out of the exigencies of propaganda, though something must be allowed for catechetical needs; but when our author adds that "a document became necessary when the Church and the Synagogue stood at the parting of the ways," one asks, What became of them when St. Paul made his propaganda? The apostle emphasized the Messianic significance of Jesus, and all that the ingenuity of Dr. Harris can really set against this fact is that in Cyprian's quotations or "Testimonies" from the Old Testament the interest is in Christ as Wisdom rather than as Messiah. To infer that these represent the primitive book of Testimonies, if such ever existed, and that this in turn was prior to our New Testament writings, seems a highly speculative bridge for crossing to the origin of Christology and Trinitarianism.

LITERARY ENTERTAINMENTS

SOME DIVERSIONS OF A MAN OF LETTERS. By Edmund Gosse.
(Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. GOSSE'S diversions are also our diversions; for to anyone with a literary tincture of mind these miscellaneous studies in criticism and biography are the best and most entertaining of reading. And our pleasure is increased by a certain glow of self-righteousness when we reflect that these essays are not merely amusing; they are instructive as well. The pleasant hours that we spend in reading Mr. Gosse are not marred, as they might have been if the volume were a mere novel, by any whisperings of conscience to the effect that we are wasting our time. Here, at last, we consummate the wedding of business and pleasure, piety and profit, and how happily! for these didactic lucubrations are more entertaining than any but the very best avowedly frivolous fiction. And if Mr. Gosse were a Sainte-Beuve, if his essays were genuine English Mondays, we would make no exceptions; for there is nothing more entertaining, more absorbing than a good "Lundi." Mr. Gosse rarely aims, in the present volume, at anything so comprehensive as a "Lundi," and even where, in the longer essays, he seems to be attempting completer and solider work, it cannot be said that he comes up to the Sainte-Beuvian standard. There is a sketchiness, an incompleteness about his work, which makes it hard to believe that it will have much permanence. But Mr. Gosse, when he wrote these essays, was out to divert himself, not to erect monuments more perennial than bronze; if he diverts us too, it is enough; we have no cause to complain that he has not written something different.

The essays contained in the present volume deal with very different subjects and touch literary history at many different epochs. At first sight there seems to be little in common between Bulwer Lytton and Lytton Strachey, between Julian Grenfell and Joseph Warton. If there is any unifying principle in Mr. Gosse's book, it is his profound realization of the fluctuations of taste. Reputations blaze and go out, idols are exalted only to be thrown down and spat upon. This is the theme to which he recurs many times in these scattered papers, the casual fruits of the last dozen years. Taste fluctuates; one cannot have been a man of letters for fifty years without appreciating that fact, intensely, painfully perhaps. *Tempora mutantur: nos non mutamur in illis*. It is the exception that men can change as much with their times as Mr. Gosse has done, can change enough to be able, like him, to envisage, dispassionately, the mockery of ancient enthusiasms, to record it as a simple phenomenon of literary history. Like Mr. Shandy and like Atticus, he reflects (O, dim consolations of philosophy!) that not only individuals but whole ages have risen and perished. Why should the generation which he in his youth admired be exempt from the common fate? The iconoclasm which he and his contemporaries have witnessed has happened before and will happen again. Pope's reputation was no more secure than Tennyson's, Cowley's fame did not last as long as Byron's.

Perhaps the best thing in the book is Mr. Gosse's account of two literary revolutionaries of an earlier age, Joseph and Thomas Warton, the first conscious Romantics, the first who dared to question the greatness, the absolute supremacy of Pope. One can, with an effort, imagine that, for anyone brought up to agree with Pope that the poet who "gives Zembla fruits and Barca flowers" is a fool of the first magnitude, it must have been startling to find Joseph Warton exalting Fancy because she is

Of power to bid fresh gardens blow
'Mid cheerless Lapland's desert snow.

And then there was the younger brother, Thomas, appealing

to the painter of New College Chapel windows in a remarkable poem which begins, if we remember rightly:

O stay that treacherous hand, forbear to trace
Those faultless forms of symmetry and grace!

The faultless forms of symmetry and grace distracted his mind from its favourite contemplation of Gothic horror; he is afraid that Sir Joshua may reconvert him to classicism. From this distance the Wartons' revolution does not look very alarming: to us they seem to have deposed King Log and in his place to have raised up, amid acclamations, another King Log. Mr. Gosse's consolation is that the revolutions that have been accomplished in his own time will look equally trivial to the futurists of a hundred years from now. This philosophical attitude is put somewhat rudely to the test by Mr. Strachey's "Eminent Victorians." Mr. Gosse disapproves of it at length in an elaborate criticism—disapproves in spite of admissions and reservations, in spite of his tart rebuke to Mrs. Humphry Ward for her protest against the use of irony. It is said that Lenin's acid test for bourgeoisie goes so deep that it will reveal the minutest taint of middle-classness, even though it be buried in the depths of the soul. Perhaps "Eminent Victorians" may be taken as the acid test for Victorianism. Immerse a Victorian in it; he will turn blue. Georgian litmus responds rutilantly with the crimson flush of revolution. But red or blue—in a century the difference will not matter, will hardly be perceptible. For we and all our works

Will be damnable mouldy a hundred years hence.

And what will the poets of those days be doing, those far-off days when we shall have taken our place, along with Joseph Warton and Bulwer, in the past? In an essay written in 1913, Mr. Gosse is bold enough to prophesy. The war has somewhat spoiled his forecast for the immediate future, in which he looked "for a revival of the liquid ease of Chaucer or the soft redundancies of the 'Faerie Queen.'" But the war has confirmed his view that "poetry will cultivate more and more what Hazlitt calls 'a mere effusion of natural sensibility,'" and will busy itself less and less with grand, noble or didactic themes. The only war poetry of any value has been the poetry of immediate and painful experience. Beside it the large abstractions and the nobility of, let us say, Mr. Binyon have appeared singularly cold, lifeless and uninteresting. But the "effusion of natural sensibility" is not, as Mr. Gosse seems to think, entirely incompatible with the production of scientific poetry. In a poet like Laforgue, for instance, science and philosophy had been educated into him so deeply that they became a part of his inmost being, not a mere epidermis of acquired culture; with the result that the effusion of his natural sensibility was deeply tinged with Darwin and Hartmann. It is surely of some poet like Laforgue, not scientifically didactic, but scientifically lyrical, that Wordsworth is thinking when he says, in words quoted by Mr. Gosse: "The Poet . . . will be ready to follow the steps of the Man of Science . . . he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself." We believe that Wordsworth was right. When science has entered into human life as familiarly as flowers and wine and love have done, then the poetry of science will begin. It may well be that this century will see the coming of that time.

A. L. H.

A SERIES of lectures which should be of great interest, under the auspices of the Arts League of Service, will be given shortly at the Conference Hall, Central Buildings, Westminster. On October 22 Mr. Wyndham Lewis will lecture on "Painting," and the chair will be taken by Mr. Bernard Shaw; on the 28th, Mr. T. S. Eliot will lecture on Poetry, under the presidential eye of Mr. Laurence Binyon. Applications for tickets should be made to the Secretary of the League at 1, Robert Street, Adelphi.

A WATERSHED OF HISTORY

THE GERMAN EMPIRE, 1867-1914, AND THE UNITY MOVEMENT. By William Harbutt Dawson. 2 vols. (Allen & Unwin. 32s. net.)

THE second half of the nineteenth century was distinguished in international affairs by the practical acceptance—especially by historians—of the maxim that whatever is is right. The history of that period will consequently have to be largely rewritten in the light of the events of 1914-19 and those which are to follow; the numerous panegyrics on Bismarck and his work, and still more those which have been passed on his successor, William II., and his insanities, will have to undergo complete revision. Mr. Dawson stands, as it were, on the watershed of history. He is less completely under the influence of the "former things" than, for example, Sir Adolphus Ward, with whose dignified and scholarly performance ("Germany, 1815-1890") this book, notwithstanding the author's disclaimers, inevitably challenges comparison.

There are those who still consider that Bismarck's great achievement was essentially a sound one, and that he moulded Germany and Europe into a shape which promised stability and permanence, if only his policy and methods had been continued by his successor. Mr. Dawson sometimes seems to incline to this view. Describing the aims of Bismarck when at the height of his power (in 1880), he says:—

Bismarck wanted England and France to be friends, though, perhaps, not too cordial friends. He, indeed, wanted no nations to fight each other; if he was no pacifist, he was also no firebrand. His policy aimed rather at maintaining between the Powers just that suggestion of tension, that "minor state" of friction, which made it possible for him to intervene at any time, always in Germany's interest, as the impartial adviser and friend, either with the soothing word of conciliation, the encouraging word of sympathy, or, if need be, the stern word of caution, as circumstances dictated.

Now, as a matter of fact, the policy of William II. was not materially different in its motives and aims from this. It was mainly because he failed, as Bismarck himself failed, to see that the times were changing, and that the Western Powers and Russia were no longer minded to let themselves be made the instruments of German policy, that William II. plunged through error after error into final disaster. The centre of political gravity was changing owing to the opening-up of Africa, the rise of Japan as a Great Power, and the international importance of Asiatic questions. William II. attempted to transfer to the wider political theatre of the world the devices, already discredited, whereby Bismarck for some twenty-five years had painfully bolstered up the European position of a Germany which had been united by methods that precluded a healthy development of its internal political life. William II. saw that these expedients were no longer effective when confined to the European sphere. "Es gelingt nichts mehr"—nothing now succeeds—was the general cry of Junker and Liberal alike during the closing years of the Bismarckian epoch. The Emperor, who never could keep his own counsel, proclaimed a new era in a celebrated speech to the Brandenburg Diet—the stronghold of Prussianism—in which he exhorted the "men of the Mark" to "follow him through thick and thin," and assured them that he was leading them to a mighty future, like Cortez showing his followers the Pacific.

Bismarck had, indeed, tentatively experimented with colonial, though hardly, in the sense of William II., with world policy. In dealing with Bismarck's colonial beginnings, in 1884, Mr. Dawson seems to make the mistake of exaggerating the driving force of the German colonial movement of that period. Bismarck up to the date of his departure had the movement well in hand, and was at no time under any real constraint to yield to it. Those who had personal knowledge of its earliest leaders know

how small was the social or political influence at their command. They might have been as easily suppressed as Court Chaplain Stöcker and his Home Mission agitation. One of the things which Bismarck saw was that he could create superficial friction with the British Empire, which would serve his turn in his desperate efforts to establish a *modus vivendi* with Russia, a task which had become increasingly difficult after the misunderstandings sown in 1875—the "Krieg in Sicht" episode—and at the Berlin Conference in 1878. As Mr. Dawson points out more clearly than anyone before him, the position of France was no longer a matter of indifference to Russia, concerned as she was for the European balance; and Bismarck perceived this long before the bulk of his Prussian followers, who relied to the last upon the dynastic bond of "divine right." But it was essential that he should not involve himself too deeply in any extra-European game, and this his Imperial successor, led on by the pursuit of mere glitter and prestige, failed to appreciate. There is no more significant incident in the origin of the dissensions between William II. and Bismarck than the Chancellor's disapproval of the first visit of the Emperor to Abdul Hamid, in October, 1889.

It may perhaps be permitted to add that the attitude of British statesmanship toward German policy, quite apart from Lord Granville's early mismanagement of the Angora Pequena business, was never marked by adequate intelligence or firmness. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, contrary to the popular view, was one of the worst offenders. It was long before he perceived that Imperial Germany could not be conciliated by friendly overtures, even when she herself solicited them. His speech in December, 1899, at Leicester, where, in pursuance of suggestions and hints put forward by the Emperor and Prince Bülow, at Windsor, in the preceding month, he spoke of England's need of a "continental sword," and advocated an alliance of Germany, America and Great Britain, was interpreted as a confession of weakness, and was exploited for the purpose of consolidating German supremacy in Europe and of extorting colonial concessions. The Samoa Treaty was negotiated in this spirit. During the South African War Germany was described by an Englishman, who was concerned in the negotiations with her, as constantly agitating her hand behind her back in a demand for *baksheesh*. Yet when Mr. Chamberlain, mainly as a result of Prince Bülow's clumsiness, realized the true nature of Germany's aims, there was no firmer exponent of the peculiar virtues of the English middle class, by which adamant was pitted against granite until the final catastrophe of Germany in November, 1918. It may, nevertheless, be contended with some reason that the war might have been avoided had Mr. Chamberlain, while showing from the first greater political firmness, abstained from the declaration of a commercial policy which he was unable to carry out. In Germany there was at the outset an essential conflict between the methods of the commercial classes and those of the Kaiser, backed by the advocates of Prussian domination. It was the object of the Emperor and his military and reactionary backers to identify German commercial expansion with their own political ambitions. They succeeded only too well, and one reason of their success was the fear of Mr. Chamberlain's Imperial tariff policy, which was long thought to be on the verge of realization and likely to close Germany's most profitable markets. It was not until this fear became general that the German commercial and industrial classes consented to be willing yoke-fellows of the Pan-Germans and the naval enthusiasts. It is at least an open question whether German commercial expansion was not in the interest of the prosperity of the whole world and of the British Empire in particular, and whether a wise British policy could not have detached German

interests in this sphere from the ambitions of the German Court and military cliques before it was too late. As it turned out, we succeeded neither in achieving the commercial union of the British Empire nor in averting the most disastrous of wars.

In his survey of the Morocco question Mr. Dawson seems to incline at times too strongly to the fundamental heresies of Mr. Morel. It is not to the point to compare the commercial interests of Germany in Morocco, which were in any case inconsiderable, with those of Spain and Italy and to argue that on this ground Germany ought, like Spain and Italy, to have been formally identified with the Anglo-French Convention of 1904 from the outset. Germany by that date would undoubtedly have demanded territorial compensations, and would have demanded them on the West Coast of Morocco. Indeed, only a few years earlier, Mr. Chamberlain, as Mr. Dawson notes, had "vaguely suggested the partition of Morocco on a method which would have given to Germany a seaport and a sphere of influence on the Atlantic Coast." The mistake which was made was in not realizing with Lord Rosebery that the Morocco agreement committed Great Britain to "the unwritten liabilities of the continental system." And, even when the extent of this committal began to be appreciated, there was a failure, resembling that of M. Delcassé, to face the consequences in a way which might still have given pause to the more thoughtful sections of the German people. There were few Englishmen who, until July or even August, 1914, were prepared to treat war as inevitable. And yet to regard it as inevitable was perhaps the only way to avoid it.

In his treatment of Prussian and German domestic affairs Mr. Dawson's methods are more vivid than those of Sir Adolphus Ward, although he does not deal so fully and clearly with the development and the suppression of the revolutionary movement of 1848 as it affected the non-Prussian States. He suggests rather than expresses by his eulogy of the Frankfort National Assembly the profound truth that there had been a continuous current of democracy in Germany throughout the whole period of Hohenzollern predominance. The events of 1848 and their sequel represent what the French call a *révolution rentrée*, which furnishes the explanation of the suddenness and completeness of the collapse of monarchy in November, 1918, after defeat in the field. Even in the Junker-ridden Prussian Chamber of Deputies a sense of parliamentary independence lingered on, and Mr. Dawson is scarcely correct in suggesting that the self-assertion of that body exhausted itself during the "Konfliktzeit" of the early sixties. The successful Liberal opposition to the Prussian Education Bill of Count (not "Baron") Zedlitz-Trutschler in 1892, and the Conservative opposition to the Canal Bill in 1894, are proofs of the contrary. And, more recently, the persistence with which the Liberal elements fought for the Prussian Franchise Bill during the last two years of the war showed that the old spirit was not dead.

The pages (vol. ii., 360-362) in which certain considerations that should influence speculation as to Germany's political future are set forth, manifestly labour under the disadvantage of having been written before the revolution. It was, no doubt, true before November, 1918, that it rested with the Sovereigns, as represented by the Federal Council, which was coequal with the Diet in legislative power, to determine in the last resort whether constitutional changes should take place, and how far they should go. The Federal Council remains under a new name, but it now represents the Governments of republican and democratic German States. Particularism doubtless survives, and has, indeed, assumed new and vigorous forms, as in the Catholic demand for a Rhenish Republic; but there is now no German State which is militarist, or,

in a political sense, reactionary. A rather ominous symptom is the failure of the bourgeois Democrats to maintain their place in the ruling coalition. The governmental Social Democrats are, however, developing in the direction of bourgeois Liberalism, while the powerful sections of the working-classes which they represent are subordinating the struggle with capitalism to the struggle for existence.

It is impossible in the space here available to direct attention to the many merits of Mr. Dawson's two volumes. They have the crowning virtue of being eminently readable, and they thus justify Bismarck's declared preference for journalists as writers of the political histories of their own age. This book ought to see a second edition, which would enable not only its pre-revolution standpoint, but also a number of minor errors and slips, to be corrected. Mr. Dawson avoids the common mistake of confusing the Imperial Secretaries of State with Ministers of State, but he is in error when he asserts that the most important of the Secretaryships were commonly filled by the Ministers occupying the corresponding offices in Prussia. It is a mistake to attribute to Count Harry Arnim sympathy with Bonapartism in France. It was the French royalist cause that he only too successfully tried, behind Bismarck's back, to recommend to the Emperor William I. By a slip, the date of the Triple Alliance is given (on p. 114, vol. ii.) as three years before the Septennate, instead of five years (1882). On the same page Bismarck is quoted as declaring that the next war would be "mere child's play," as compared with the last; he said precisely the reverse. On p. 125 of the same volume Eastern "Rumania" has been printed instead of Eastern Rumelia. The Caroline Islands (p. 210) were purchased by Germany in 1899, not 1889. Mr. Dawson, on p. 246, seems to mistake the meaning of *Deutschland über Alles*, and compares it with "Rule, Britannia." It is a song of patriotic devotion, but not of domination. Bismarck moreover, as the present writer can testify, frequently listened to it without the *ennui* which Mr. Dawson conjectures; it became after his retirement pre-eminently the *Bismarcklied*, the song of the Bismarckian *fronde*. "Est-ce possible?" (p. 282) was the constant refrain of Prince George of Denmark, not of his father-in-law, James II., as the news of successive defections to the Prince of Orange came in. Prince Bülow (p. 337) did not retire "with flying colours, bearing with him the regrets as well as the gratitude" of his sovereign. On the contrary, he became, mainly in consequence of the *Daily Telegraph* incident, the Emperor's *bête noire*, and William II. is credibly reported to have on one occasion referred to him as "*diese canaille*." The opinion of the bulk of Prince Bülow's countrymen was not very different, as was shown on a recent occasion when he magnanimously attempted to intervene on the ex-Kaiser's behalf. Indeed, as Mr. Dawson could easily satisfy himself, his whole estimate of Bülow's Chancellorship is out of proportion, and does not represent any competent German opinion. Bülow, by the way, did not receive his title of Prince "for his share in the proceedings at Algeciras." He received it on June 6, 1905, the day of the Crown Prince's wedding, the day after the resignation of M. Delcassé, months before the Algeciras Conference met, and quite ten months before the signature of the Algeciras Act (April 7, 1906). On p. 385 the dates of the outbreak of the South African War (1899) and of the Samoan Treaty (1900) are transposed, a slip of some significance, since that war was not unconnected with the concessions made to Germany in the South Seas. By the Treaty of Bukarest of 1913 (p. 490), Kavalla was taken from Bulgaria, not "from Serbia." Finally, Rouget de Lisle (p. 358), the author of the "*Marseillaise*," was not "an Alsatian," though his war-song was first sung at Strasbourg.

GEORGE SAUNDERS

A DISILLUSIONED ROMANTIC

A PRIVATE IN THE GUARDS. By Stephen Graham. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

THE war has proved a severe obstacle to the romantic imagination; it even looks as if the obstruction will prove fatal. War was the one great human activity of which our generation had had no experience, and as the romantic imagination can only busy itself effectively with those things which are not matters of current experience, war was a favourite subject with the romantic writers of our time. At the present day only those men who took no active part in the war are still able to idealize it, and then only if they are resolutely deaf to other people's experiences. If Mr. Graham had never gone to the war it is evident that he would now be writing about it with that noble spirituality which impresses the realist as maudlin insincerity. For, as his pre-war writings show, Mr. Graham is naturally a romantic of the deepest dye. With the instinct of the true romantic, he spun his yarns about things not very accessible to us; he wrote about Russia, just as Mr. Chesterton tells us tales about the Middle Ages. If the unregenerate Mr. Graham had written about the war we should have found him out; as it is, he has found himself out and has revealed himself to us as a man of very considerable courage. He seems to have joined the Guards with a fairly complete stock of romantic notions, and the interest of the book, to us, is to trace the way in which these illusions suffocate in the uncongenial air of reality.

One of his romantic notions, for instance, is that "the King is a symbolic personality, a living symbol of nationhood," and he found that, even in the Guards, there was a marked anti-Royal feeling. So he tries to explain to the men that "the King's crown is the crown of the dignity of the people as a whole." "Such ideas, however, I found difficult to impart." The general atmosphere of brutality and impurity was also very discouraging at times. Mr. Graham gives a good picture of life in a crack regiment. The whole training is directed to fashioning men who will not yield in battle. It is successful, and Mr. Graham tells us something of the cost. He concludes that there is one characteristic of men so trained that redeems the rest. "We were proved later on in the battle-line, and it was seen that we knew how to die . . ." The argument is less convincing than it was. Some of the incidents in this book persuade us that many of these men were made fit to die by being made unfit to live. If a military defeat is the greatest of all calamities the method may be justified, but let us realize that we have made a choice between the devil and the deep sea. It is not a subject for romance. The falsity of the emotion springs from the falsity of the alternative presented. In truth, the men were not trained to die, but were trained to kill.

"The second bayonet man kills the wounded," says the bombing-instructor. "You cannot afford to be encumbered by wounded enemies lying about your feet. Don't be squeamish. The army provides you with a good pair of boots; you know how to use them."

And again:

. . . At this point the Germans come out of the machine-gun nest holding up their hands, and the man with the Lewis gun forgets to take his fingers off the trigger.

It is not surprising that men trained in this school should occasionally be guilty of atrocities. Mr. Graham narrates an incident, which occurred within his own experience, of the murder of a German soldier who was lying asleep in a cellar. The French discovered him and informed the British soldiers. A Welshman went to have a look at him, fired eight shots at him, dragged the body upstairs, threw it on a dunghill in the yard, searched the pockets of the uniform, and went away.

I went up then with some others to look at the German soldier. There he was, on a dunghill in the square yard of the farmhouse. To my surprise he was still alive, not yet dead. He had apparently been wounded the day before, for his right arm was swathed in linen and had been in a sling. His face was pink and white, very white and livid pink, and his little waxy eyes stared at us without expression. His white breast heaved up and down. So we looked at him and pitied, and went away. And he lay on the dunghill and the rain washed down, and I suppose he died in a few hours.

After some weeks this incident had become transformed into a German atrocity. The German had crept out of a cellar and killed and wounded half-a-dozen women and children before being shot by a Welsh sniper. Such experiences proved too much for Mr. Graham's romanticism. He quotes the remark of a "very drunken soldier":

The war has reduced men below the level of the beasts that perish. To be unconcerned at Death is lower than the animal. War, I tell you, knocks all the religion out of a man.

Mr. Graham adds: "I had held an opposite point of view."

But it is not only about war that he has become disillusioned. The priests that Mr. Graham met did not inspire him with respect:

They could not preach the Sermon on the Mount, because they thought loving your enemies contrary to the spirit of the war. They could not inveigh against lust because the medical officer was of opinion that Nature's needs must be satisfied. They could not attack bad language because it was accepted as manly. They could not attack drunkenness because it was the men's relaxation, and a good drinker was considered a good fighter.

They could do nothing, in short, but deny everything they were supposed to profess. Many of them seem to have suffered no qualms of conscience in betraying their Master. "They ate Germans for breakfast, tea, and supper, and were often more bloodthirsty than the men." One of them told Mr. Graham that he had "a physical loathing for the Hun, and was ready to see the whole race, man, woman and child, exterminated." It is gratifying to know that the men "were cold towards them in the matter of religion," and that, in their opinion, "religion is a wash-out."

After the Armistice the Guards marched into Germany. They were full of threats of what they were going to do to the Germans, and Mr. Graham was looking forward to a state of things rather worse than war. But, arrived in Germany, the soldiers were once again disillusioned. The "Huns," as much a product of the romantic imagination as the "glory" of war, were found, like other romantic creations, not to exist. Trivial things, such as the fact that they were not grossly overcharged in Germany as they had been in France, contributed to the men's disillusionment. Attempts were made by the Army authorities to stop fraternizing, but they were unsuccessful and the process went on. Some of the more intelligent British officers were worried by the fact that the Germans gave no signs of suffering from a guilty conscience. They seemed to think that this war was like other wars: they had lost, and they must pay. Mr. Graham reflects that the German *sangfroid* was probably due to the way in which the victorious Governments were showing themselves false to the great ideals of the war. The Germans could see that their enemies were just as bad as themselves. The issues of the British General Election clinched the matter: Britain abandoned all Christian principles and national dignity; it betrayed its dead. Mr. Graham is convinced that the soldiers did fight for ideals, and that their Government has betrayed them. We think that this is not a romantic illusion, that many men did fight for ideals. But did they represent the nation, or were they, like Mr. Graham, romantics?

In his last chapter Mr. Graham tries once more to find a "deeper meaning" in it all. It is hard to follow him; he grows more and more obscure until he becomes wholly mystical. But whether or not we can share his mysticism, he has made it impossible for us to be romantic. S.

HUMOUR AND HEAVINESS

POOR RELATIONS. By Compton Mackenzie. (Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)
TIME AND ETERNITY. By Gilbert Cannan. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. net.)

WHY is it those favoured few whose privilege it is to be invited, like fairies, to pronounce a blessing or a curse upon the new novel are invariably condescending and even a trifle contemptuous if the babe be a smiling babe? There are times, indeed, when from their manner one would imagine they half-suspected the innocent radiant creature of being the result of a youthful folly,—a love child. And though, of course, as broad-minded men of the world, they can excuse—nevertheless: "Now that you have had your little flutter we hope that you will settle down and produce something serious."

To be taken seriously in England a novelist must be serious. Poets may be as gay as they please, story-tellers (especially as nobody will publish short stories) as light-hearted as they wish, but if a young man desires to be told (and who does not?) that he is in the front rank, the head of, leading, far outstepping, immeasurably in advance of all other novelists of the day, he must be prepared to father fiends hid in clouds.

Perhaps another reason for the cool reception of the novel that is not serious is that English people, as a whole, would a great deal rather feel interested, critical, moved and excited than amused. A really serious novel by a brilliant young man flatters them almost as greatly as if that brilliant young man were to appear before them and to beg them to listen to the story of his life. They feel he presupposes them to possess powers of sympathy and of discernment so extraordinary that it would be ridiculous and below their mutual dignity to waste his time and theirs upon anything that did not call those powers into action. This is very gratifying, but it does not contribute to the gaiety of letters. May we never be amused in our own day? Must we always turn to those words which have been blessed by time or are come from France? We confess to moments when we long to find ourselves at a feast or at a fairing instead of accompanying our young Hamlet to the graveyard and watching and listening while he picks up his first skull and wonders at it . . .

A glance at the press opinions published at the back of Mr. Mackenzie's latest novel suffices to show the position he occupies among these, our young masters. Each new book of his has provoked his literary godfathers to a fresh shower of blessings, a heavier rain of gifts. From the very first, they recognized him as one of the young men who were going to count, and nobly has he repaid that recognition, passing from strength to strength, from intensity to intensity until with his adventures of Sylvia Scarlett he reached the pitch of high seriousness they had prophesied he should.

But instead of remaining there, instead of preparing for an even sterner climb, he has descended from his cloudy, thunderous eminence into a valley where we hope he may be tempted to linger. Here, to our thinking, is his proper climate, and here he has every appearance of being most admirably at home; and his enjoyment of the scene is so evident that we are inclined to hope he does not look upon it as a mere picnic ground, a place of refreshment from which he will turn now that the holiday is over.

"Poor Relations" is an account of the dreadful sufferings that were put upon Mr. John Touchwood, the highly successful playwright, by his highly unsuccessful family. He was a bachelor and he was family-ridden. By nature he was highly romantic, sentimental, over-generous and over-sensitive, and liable on the slightest provocation to "rosify" events and persons. This rosification, until he met Miss Hamilton, had prevented him from ever looking upon his relatives with a critical eye. It was enough that Mama was Mama, Edith was Edith and even Hugh was

Hugh. But that calm, self-possessed young woman sitting opposite to them in the saloon of the *Murmania*, by a chance remark to her travelling companion made him see them, just for one moment, as they really were. He had barely finished reading "five delightful letters, really, everyone of them full of good wishes and cordial affection"; but after her "I've never been a poor relation yet, and I don't intend to start now," he read them through again, and this time they were the letters, the unmistakable letters, of poor relations.

John had a house in Hampstead where he was completely looked after and bullied in a mild but insistent way by his housekeeper, Mrs. Worfolk. He had another, a country house "kept" for him by Mama and his widowed sister, Hilda, and Hilda's dear little boy, Harold. What he wished to do, upon his return from America, was to divide his time between his two houses and write an extraordinarily fine play on the subject of Joan of Arc. But he had no time to divide. He only had a family—determined in their several ways to get out of him all there was to be got, and had it not been for Miss Hamilton's remark, we see no reason why he should not have been the innocent and half-willing victim. She saved him. She becomes his confidential secretary and, at the happy ending, his wife. But what he endured before that was reached makes the most excellent amusing reading. The Touchwood family is one of those detestable, fascinating families that we cannot have enough of.

From the moment they are seated round the dining-room table,—

at the head of which John took his rightful place; opposite to him, placid as an untouched pudding, sat Grandmamma. Laurence said grace without being invited, after standing up for a moment with an expression of pained interrogation. Edith accompanied his words by making with her forefinger and thumb a minute cruciform incision between two of the bones of her stays . . . Harold flashed his spectacles upon every dish in turn . . .

we are held—and especially by Harold. He is, perhaps, the most unpleasant little boy imaginable; but, at this safe distance, he is a joy. We cannot bear to part with him. When he is not there, like children at a pantomime, we long to know when he is coming on again, with his questions and his information and his spectacles, and his lantern that he loses control of, and flashes in the face of everybody.

Very different is Mr. Cannan's little book with the big name. Could it be called "serious" even by his most patient admirers? Yet we dare to say it would be hard to find a book more wanting in a sense of humour. The hero is "as usual." He is Mr. Cannan's same young man, who is on the point of saving England, of bringing back the times of Shakespeare and Fielding, of killing off the old and giving the young the government of everything and the run of the Italian restaurants in Soho. Like his twin brother in "Pink Roses," this new hero avoids the war, but his reasons are more fully given. He is saving himself; he is waiting for his soul to burn its way out "in a clear flame that will not be denied," when he will, as his friend tells him, "turn the stream of life back into its course." This young man's particular time of waiting is passed between what we might call a looking-glass parade, a love affair, and conversations with a Russian.

It is a habit with dentists who wish to put young patients at their ease to say to them, as they "open wide": "I can see what you have had for your breakfast." There is nothing in "Time and Eternity" to prevent Mr. Cannan's public from making the same remark once again.

K. M.

MESSRS. SOTHEBY'S first book-sale of the season will be held on the four days beginning October 22, when the third section of the stock of the late Mr. W. J. Leighton of Brewer Street will be sold.

WAR-PAINT AND FEATHERS

THE PATH OF THE RAINBOW: AN ANTHOLOGY OF SONGS AND CHANTS FROM THE INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA. Edited by George W. Cronyn. With Introduction by Mary Austin. Afterword by Constance Lindsay Skinner. Illustrated by J. B. Platt. (New York, Boni & Liveright.)

THE Ustumsjiji are a vanishing race. The last repositories of the Monophysite heresy, persecuted and massacred for centuries (on religious grounds) by the Armenians, the remnants of a unique civilization have taken refuge in the remote gorges of the Akim-Baba Range. Here the explorer discovered them, and was privileged to hear their *Shikkamim*, or wandering bards, prophets, and medicine-men, recite or chant, to the music of the *pippin* or one-stringed gourd, the traditional poetry of love, warfare, and theology. The explorer has made a translation or interpretation, in *vers libre*, and the product is declared to be superior, in its subtle and mystical simplicity, to anything that can be bought second-hand on Charing Cross Road.

But suddenly, egged on by New York and Chicago *intelligentsia*, the romantic Chippaway bursts into the drawing-room, and among murmurs of approval declaims his

MAPLE SUGAR SONG.
Maple sugar
is the only thing
that satisfies me.

The approval becomes acclamation. The Chippaway has the last word in subtlety, simplicity, and poeticality. Furthermore, his Continent is backing him. For, says the editor,

it becomes appropriate and important that this collection of American Indian verse should be brought to public notice at a time when the whole instinctive movement of the American people is for a deeper footing in their native soil.

The Red Man is here: what are we to do with him, except to feed him on maple sugar? And it is not only the Red Men, but the aborigines of every complexion and climate, who have arrived, each tribe pressing upon us its own claims to distinction in art and literature.

Within the time of a brief generation it has become evident that some smattering of anthropology is as essential to culture as Rollin's Universal History. Just as it is necessary to know something about Freud and something about Fabre, so it is necessary to know something about the medicine-man and his works. Not necessary, perhaps not even desirable, to know all the theories about him, to peruse all the works of Miss Harrison, Cooke, Rendel Harris, Lévy-Bruhl or Durkheim. But one ought, surely, to have read at least one book such as those of Spencer and Gillen on the Australians, or Codrington on the Melanesians. And as it is certain that some study of primitive man furthers our understanding of civilized man, so it is certain that primitive art and poetry help our understanding of civilized art and poetry. Primitive art and poetry can even, through the studies and experiments of the artist or poet, revivify the contemporary activities. The maxim, Return to the sources, is a good one. More intelligibly put, it is that the poet should know everything that has been accomplished in poetry (accomplished, not merely produced) since its beginnings—in order to know what he is doing himself. He should be aware of all the metamorphoses of poetry that illustrate the stratifications of history that cover savagery. For the artist is, in an impersonal sense, the most conscious of men; he is therefore the most and the least civilized and civilizable; he is the most competent to understand both civilized and primitive.

Consequently, he is the most ready and the most able of men to learn from the savage; he is the first man to

perceive that there are aspects in which the lays of the Dimbovitza or the Arapajos are a more profitable study and a more dignified performance than "Aurora Leigh" or "Kehama." But, as he is the first person to see the merits of the savage, the barbarian and the rustic, he is also the first person to see how the savage, the barbarian and the rustic can be improved upon; he is the last person to see the savage in a romantic light, or to yield to the weak credulity of crediting the savage with any gifts of mystical insight or artistic feeling that he does not possess himself. He will welcome the publication of primitive poetry, because it has more significance, in relation to its own age or culture, than "Kehama" and "Aurora Leigh" have for theirs. But he wants it more carefully documented than the present book; when the translator uses the word "beauty," the contemporary poet wants to know the Navajo equivalent for this word, and how near an equivalent it is. Also, to what extent is an "interpretation" allowed to diverge from a "translation"? The poet and the anthropologist both want to be provided with these data, and they are the only persons whose desires should be consulted. The poet and the artist and the anthropologist will be the last people to tolerate the whooping brave, with his tale of maple sugar, as a drawing-room phenomenon. And the artist, if he gets a chance, in a dinner-table pause, to say something of interest—when he speaks of the Solomon Islanders, it will not be *instead* of whatever he may have to say about Mantegna.

T. S. E.

KING AND SCHOLAR

ALFRED THE GREAT. By Beatrice Adelaide Lees. (Putnam. 8s. net.)

MISS LEES makes no apology for adding to the literature of Alfred—the Alfred legend, we might well call it. Nor need she, for she speaks truly when she claims as justification "the abiding charm and permanent importance of the subject." Alfred really is, for all the distance between us, a living figure still. And that is not only because he was a warrior and a codifier, a good king and a good man, but also because he left quite considerable literary remains behind him. All this has been made very clear in the last few decades by the work of such scholars as Mr. Charles Plummer and Mr. W. H. Stevenson. Miss Lees does not attempt to emulate them in original research, though she has read for herself the authorities they have elucidated. She is content, as are so many of the University teachers to-day, to be a popularizer of true knowledge. She has read very widely and summarizes very correctly, and imparts now and then a touch of enthusiasm to a narrative which with less skill, though as much knowledge, she might have made dry.

In truth, Alfred the man is still a figure of fascination, for fascination there is in perfectly unselfish goodness and unwavering strength. He has, like all great men, his periods of mysterious silence. He has his times of failure. His success never comes so fully as when he is dead. But unquestionably, even more than Augustine or Egbert or Dunstan, he made the England whose links with our own day have never been broken. And personal character is the clue to his greatness, not at all the circumstances of his time, his Church, his polity. Miss Lees is a little pretentious and not at all illuminative when she pens such sentences as

Only by realizing the theocratic character of mediæval society, and the strength of religion and ecclesiastical influences, can mediæval history be understood.

Alfred's kingdom was not in the least "theocratic,"

nor was Louis IX.'s, though both kings were deeply religious men. Can there be a better type of mediæval kingship than Edward I.? He would have been more than astonished if anyone had called his monarchy "theocratic"; a Dean of St. Paul's, no doubt gloomy and unhumorous, fell dead in his presence. And Alfred, if he enjoyed the society of Asser and delighted in the writings of St. Gregory and St. Augustine, knew quite well how to rule his own household and to keep the Pope at bay. It does not much matter that Miss Lees does not quite understand this or that. She is a good deal confused by what she calls "the ceaseless struggle between the East and West," and is not at all clear as to the relations between the Roman Empire at Constantinople and its bastard rival or complement at Aachen. Never mind! What she does know is the life of Alfred the Great, and all that has been written about his fights and his writings, his religion and his art.

Can anything new be added to our knowledge of Alfred? Probably not, as regards the events of his life, or his aims, or his achievements, though such an article (after all, not so many years ago) as that of Mr. W. H. Simcox on his "year of battles" shows how freshly a point of view can be put. But as regards the art of his time, and the remains of it for which some special connection has been claimed with himself, we are still in the age of discovery. Professor Earle would be surprised, if not altogether pleased, to see what Mr. C. F. Bell has written; and not only the "Alfred jewel" in the Ashmolean Museum, but the Wallingford sword and the little Minster Lovel gem, have been made to speak more clearly of recent days. All this Miss Lees knows, and knows how to expound. Also she has read Alfred's writings for herself, and gives us a long and interesting chapter on what she calls Alfredian Literature. Alfred really might claim a place among "English men of letters"—almost with as much right as Cædmon, and with more than a monarch whom a modern Prime Minister described as the head of the profession. He did not show good taste, we must admit, in admiring Orosius, but then he was the vogue in the ninth century A.D., as, Mrs. Humphry Ward tells us, Daniel was in the first century B.C. As to St. Gregory in the "Pastoral Rule" and St. Augustine in the "City of God," there can be no doubt at all. He knew good literature there, as he did in Bede good history, and it was a joy to him to put the books into good English for the instruction of his people. It may well be too, as Mr. Plummer thinks, that "the idea of a national chronicle as opposed to merely local annals" was his own, "carried out under his direction." If so, he was in a double sense the father of English history—the history of England written in English. St. Gregory he began to translate even in the midst of his troubles, and he proved himself a translator of the highest rank. Bede he made intelligible to a generation which, as is always the case, found it hard to understand comparatively recent history. And in St. Augustine he had an inspiring theme—the great City of God—treated by an inspired writer. And how delightful he is when he puts the folk of old into the quite modern garb of the ninth century! The straps are most illuminating, in spite of F. W. Maitland's gæde; and Boethius has a new life among the English when he is called a heretoga. Why, he is next of kin to Hengist and Horsa; and he would be a sceptic indeed who did not, in the ninth century, believe in them. People still looked stealthily behind them when they laughed at Woden.

Why should we talk of Alfred's deeds when we rejoice in his writings? Why, indeed, but that his deeds are known to thousands who have never heard of his books; and his acts have placed him in the first rank of the heroes of the world.

LITERARY NOTES

To glance through an admirable volume of selections from Landor, such as that edited by Mr. John Bailey, and published by the Oxford University Press, is to be filled with delight and regret. What writer of the second rank has more to yield to the discoverer than he? What prose more squarely can support the weight of the exactest scrutiny than his? He is for ever saying things of moment with a dignity and an air; he does not sidle them into his reader's pocket, or look on to the ground while he whispers them. There is a "listen and be damned to you" touch in the way Landor rolls out his lapidary periods.

One feels in him the sublimation of the spirit of Porson, of Landor's own Porson, who says: "There are folks who, when they read my criticism, say, 'I do not think so.' It is because they do not think so that I write." Probably the calm contempt of his attitude towards the profane is possible only to a man of independent income; but that does not matter. It justifies itself. For it really is calm and firm, based on a frequentation of good literature, and a steady criticism of his own work by the highest standards he knew. "I hate false words," he wrote, "and seek with care, difficulty and moroseness those that fit the thing." The very sentence proves his claim. "Care" and "difficulty" might have been employed by any man to describe his pursuit; but "moroseness" is the word that fits the thing, the mark of the artist in prose.

Not that Landor belongs to our greatest prose-writers. He is overshadowed by his master, Milton, whose Latinity had an element, if not of suppleness, at least of perfect adaptability to his intentions. Landor's prose at times carries the writer and his thought away with it, and the mere fact that he found in Cicero the monarch of form and matter in prose would argue against his pre-eminence. But he is the greatest of our prose-writers of the second rank. His claim for himself is, as ever, just: "Poetry was always my amusement; prose my study and business. I have published five volumes of 'Imaginary Conversations': cut the worst of them in half and there will remain in their decimal fraction quite enough to satisfy my appetite for fame. I shall dine late; but the dining-room will be well-lighted, the guests few and select."

NINETY YEARS AGO

Is there such a thing as American literature? is the question which the leader-writer in *THE ATHENÆUM* for October 14, 1829, asks himself. To talk about American literature is, in his opinion, like discussing the nature of the snakes in Iceland; for

when we try to discover whether the literature of America is independent, we are stopped by the preliminary doubt whether it has a literature, whether it has even the germs of one to come. . . . If your readers think this decision is too hasty and peremptory, let them recall to their minds all the literary names connected with America, to which they can attach any associations. Can they go beyond these: Washington Irving, Dr. Channing, Mr. Cooper?

One wonders if the writer had chanced (most improbably) to see "Tamerlane, and other Poems," and "Al Aaraff, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems," published in 1827 and 1829 respectively by a wild young student in the Military College called Edgar Allan Poe. But even if he had, he would have had little reason to give up his doubts; for Poe was at this date only twenty, and his juvenile poems would hardly justify one in placing his name above the eminently respectable ones of Dr. Channing or the author of "The Last of the Mohicans."

The critic's comments on the first of this trinity of American genius are interesting:

"Knickerbocker's History of New York" was an honest and manly attempt to found an American literature. . . . What may not grow from a beginning so prosperous! And what has grown? What has become of Knickerbocker himself? Sertorius deemed it a better thing to be a private man in Rome than a king elsewhere. Mr. Irving thinks it is better to be a private man out of his own country than a king in it! The reputation of a second-rate essayist, or a twelfth-rate historian, here, is worth more to him than that of a Creator in America!

Science RECENT ADVANCES IN MEDICINE

THE influence of mind over matter has always been a subject of more than speculative interest, and the extreme views on the subject may be expressed in the saying that a man by thought cannot add a cubit to his stature, on the other hand that a sufficient faith can move mountains. In the practice of medicine these extremes of thought are found but seldom. There are indeed those who are so convinced of the power of the mind over the body that they exclude material aids in the cure of disease; these are numbered among Christian Scientists. Again there are others who search for simple sequences in cause and effect; a medicine, for instance, is given without flavour or suggestion; some of these are Scientists. But in general the healers of the sick steer a middle course, and in their attempt to cure disease use is made of material means reinforced by suggestion. Notwithstanding this two-edged practice, some prejudice has existed against the frank use of suggestion in the cure of disease. Hence, in reviewing the progress made by medicine during the war, it is of interest to find that both lines of thought have led to striking progress in their particular fields.

The Materialists of medicine, who deal with things that they can touch and see, achieved their greatest success in the prevention and control of epidemic disease. It is a slow, laborious path they tread. The Animists, who rely greatly on the influence of mind over matter, have achieved an almost sensational success in the treatment of the deaf and dumb and of those who have been weakened or paralysed by the shocks and strain of war. Their results are achieved by the practice of psycho-therapy, which includes suggestion and hypnosis. These two lines of advance in the art of healing stand out in sharp contrast to each other. To some people they may even appear to be mutually destructive. It is the purpose of this short article to indicate a common ground on which they meet.

In the practice of psycho-therapy an influence is brought to bear on the mind of the sufferer, and the mind dwells in that part of the brain of man which is most recently and most highly developed. It forms a part of the nervous system, and through the manifold ramifications of this system—in fact, through the nerves of the body—the mind may be able to produce effects on every part of the body. Conversely, changes in any part are reflected in the brain by conscious, subconscious, or unconscious impulses which travel to it by the nerves. The most important task allotted to the nervous system is that of keeping the individual intact and in harmony with his surroundings. As the environment changes so man must adapt himself or suffer in consequence. If a ship rolls, a man on deck must tighten some muscles and relax others to keep his balance. If he is attacked by an enemy he must defend himself, and his success in this depends largely on the impressions he receives by the sense organs of sight and hearing, for by these he is forewarned of the impending attack. Without these distant sense organs he could not resist till he felt a blow or staggered under it. In the fight that follows, the nervous system plays its part in every lightning phase, but it is not the only mechanism in control. There are a number of cells in the body grouped in glands, whose allotted task is to manufacture chemical substances contained in a secretion which is peculiar to the particular gland, and has its own specific action. Of these glands and their secretions we know best the suprarenal glands, situated in close contact with each kidney, and secreting a definite chemical substance called adrenaline. When a dog eating a bone sees a big hostile

dog advancing in the distance he stops eating. It is scarcely a voluntary act; he is controlled by fear. His saliva stops flowing and his mouth dries; his stomach ceases to dilate and he feels full; a muscular band between the stomach and intestine tightens, the intestine stops its waves of contraction and secretion, and with this on the instant there is an end to digestion. His heart beats more strongly and he may feel it thumping, and at the same time a redistribution of the blood in his body occurs. It leaves the organs of digestion and, passing to the muscular system, where the blood-vessels now dilate as the muscles tighten for action, carries with it the material which supplies the energy for muscular activity. More than this, the actual quantity of such material in the blood is increased; it is sugar which is poured out from the reservoirs in the liver to circulate in the blood for the use of the muscles. Those who watch the dog will see his hair stand on end. With tail erect and eyes dilated he becomes a fearsome foe. Now this transformation is effected by the pouring out of adrenaline into the blood stream at the call of the nervous system by impulses whose course from the brain to the suprarenal glands can be traced along certain nerves. In its simplest form we have here the picture, complete in all its detail, of a greedy dog turned into a fighting beast; and the mechanism of this change is the sight of an enemy dog, a nervous impulse passing from the brain down a pair of nerves, and the secretion into the blood stream of a chemical substance that can be made in a laboratory.

There are other glands with similar activities all closely interrelated and correlated, making together a controlling chemical mechanism, whose chief task is to combine the activities of the several organs of which the living being is composed, and to make of them a coherent whole. These glands control our growth and may determine death; they make us fat or lean irrespective of what we eat; they make us active or lethargic notwithstanding inclination; we are blondes or brunettes according to their choice, and if their activities are much disturbed we may find ourselves all too soon with hair that is snowy white. In the case of some of these glands it is known, in the case of others it is presumed, that the nervous system regulates their activity, while they in their turn to no less extent affect the activity of the nervous system. Here, then, in the close interaction of the two great integrative systems of nervous and chemical activity, we have the common ground on which the Animist and Materialist meet.

Though the effect of one mind on another may be so indeterminate as to be accurately described as an "influence," yet we may be able to measure that influence in the alterations of activity which it causes in the ductless gland system. This system works more slowly than the nervous system, hence the sequence of its actions is more readily observed, and its activity has a chemical expression which can be recognized and estimated. The mental condition of excitement or fatigue, through its influence on the ductless glands, is now almost capable of measurement by chemical and physical standards; in the future, through the same nervous influence on gland activity, we may be able by a mental effort to inhibit or stimulate glandular activity as the case requires. There is some evidence, for instance, that a nervous shock may be the provoking cause of the disease called exophthalmic goitre. Over-activity of the thyroid gland (one of the group of ductless glands) plays a leading part in the initiation and persistence of this disease. If a harmful nervous influence is able to provoke such a complaint, which is at present only amenable to medicinal or surgical treatment, might not a benign mental influence be found to cure it?

So we reach the limits of justifiable speculation in the attempt to show that Animist and Materialist are travelling along a common road towards their goal—the cure of disease

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- Fri. 17. University College, 5.—"Italian Society in the Renaissance," Lecture II., Dr. E. G. Gardner.
King's College, 5.30.—"Camoens and Portuguese Imperialism," Professor George Young.
King's College, 5.30.—"Modern Greek Drama," Lecture III. (in French), Dr. Lysimachos (Economos).
- Mon. 20. King's College, 5.30.—"The Ecclesiastical Scribe," Professor Claude Jenkins.
King's College, 5.30.—"The History of Learning and Science in Poland," Lecture II., Professor L. Tatarkiewicz.
University College, 5.30.—"The Uses of Libraries and the Library Arts," Dr. E. A. Baker.
- Tues. 21. Zoological, 5.30.—"Report on Research Experiments on Methods of Rat Destruction at the Society's Gardens," Mr. E. G. Boulenger; Discussion on "The Zoological Position and Affinities of *Tarsius*."
- Wed. 22. University College, 3.—"History and Drama in the Divina Commedia," Lecture I., Dr. E. G. Gardner.
University College, 5.—"Speaking across the Atlantic by Wireless Telephony," Professor J. A. Fleming.
King's College, 5.30.—"Sea-Power and the Growth of Maritime Commerce in the Century of Peace," Mr. P. J. Hannon.
Arts League (Conference Hall, Central Buildings, Westminster), 8.45.—"Modern Tendencies in Art: Painting," Mr. Wyndham Lewis.
- Thurs. 23. University College, 5.—"The Romance of Assyriological Research," Lecture III., Dr. T. G. Pinches.
University College, 5.30.—"The History of the Roman Empire: a Retrospect and a Prospect," Mr. N. H. Baynes.
Child-Study Society (90, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.), 6.—Discussion on "The Literary Needs of the Child," opened by Mr. C. H. Barker.
- Fri. 24. University College, 5.—"Italian Society in the Renaissance," Lecture III., Dr. E. G. Gardner.
King's College, 5.30.—"Antero Quental and Portuguese Liberalism," Professor George Young.
King's College, 5.30.—"Modern Greek Drama," Lecture IV. (in French), Dr. Lysimachos (Economos).
Institution of Mechanical Engineers, 6.—President's Address

Fine Arts

THE NECESSITY OF THEORIES

ARTISTIC life, stunned and stupefied for the past five years, seems to wish to re-affirm its vitality more intensely than ever. The struggle will be keen this winter in Paris; there are a thousand indications of a stirring season. The glitter of arms—not all of them, alas! implements of artistic labour—is already visible. The old men and the Institute have just founded an "Artistic Club" intended to lay low the anarchic efforts of the young, neo-impressionists, neo-"fauves," cubists and neo-cubists, who on their side are preparing mutually to affront one another. Scores of new dealers' shops will provide a favourable ground for these duels and will feed or fan the flame in the heart of the amateur. We shall again be treated to the polemics and manifestos of pre-war days, at which it is meet only to smile; for it is the works alone that speak a serious language. The crabbed critics who demand, and have from the beginning of time demanded, "realizations and not theories" from living artists, will once again deplore the fact that "artists lose precious time in erecting systems instead of working, that they raise the barrier of cold reason against their natural talent, instead of abandoning themselves to it," etc.—one knows the old song. Under cover of sound sense the majority of the public will continue to lavish on the artists regular exhortations to be silly. The cow chewing the cud of her Nirvana will once again be proposed to us as a model. Only the artist capable of browsing on a landscape, his neck stretched earthwards, "muni de moyens personnels," will win the approbation of the art critics. They will admire the assurance with

which he stamps about his canvas, transporting on to it, almost unaware, the fresh mud, the lush green of the meadow, the very sap of the flowers. They will hail in him the true "tourist-painter," the creator of landscapes in which it is pleasant to take a walk . . . with the feet, of course; for those excursions of the spirit, those wanderings at once of the sensibility and the intelligence, which we can make through the pictures of Poussin or Cézanne—those surely are sports that are as unnecessary as they are dangerous. Every artist who, in our days, proposes to himself the same goal as these masters and who, to accomplish his purpose, sharpens his intelligence as well as his sensibility, can only, so it appears, condemn himself to sterility. The public has never been more solicitous than to-day in surrounding the artist's only instinct with cushioned ramparts. A well-known collector wrote to us as follows: "I wonder whether it is not dangerous for an artist to try to express himself in writing as well as in colour." That depends on the quality of the artist. There are some artists for whom everything is dangerous, even the fact of painting a figure when they are used to painting landscapes. For others, made of more solid stuff and endowed with an instinct that is proof against everything, every new experiment is not so much a danger as a stimulus. I imagine that Ingres, after having sententiously laid down the formula, "Beauty is straight lines with round modellings," must have felt profoundly relieved and that, possessing a new chapter of his dogma, he worked with greater liberty. For the emotion experienced by the artist who has succeeded in formulating his plastic discoveries in words is precisely a feeling of liberation. Cézanne, the most fruitful in his influence of all the nineteenth-century artists, would, in moments of discouragement, hold his head between his hands and exclaim: "The formula, find the formula!" And, in effect, the finding of a formula is the thing that matters, if we may say so without offending a public that passes its time dictating to us formulæ of the most paralysing nature.

But it is essential, at this point, to avoid all misunderstanding and to define what we mean by the words "formula" and "theory." To the majority of critics no theory can be anything but *a priori*; certitude can only border on the "pedantry of the school," and the serious confidence of a plastic discovery can only cloak "a dogmatic tone." We must, however, understand one another: we are either playing, in which case there is no need to talk painting; or else we are talking painting, in which case a certain gravity becomes necessary—a gravity legitimized by the importance and bearing of the axioms laid down. It is evident when a modern painter—one of the most important of them—stands in front of the picture of a clown which he has just painted and makes the solemn pronouncement, "There are no feet in nature,"—it is evident that he says so with a certain smile at the corner of his mouth, and that the disciple who, according to the well-known anecdote, answers, "Yes, how true!" is the one who draws down all the ridicule on himself.

We should not quote this example if that Master of Paradox, Picasso, had not recently been cited to us as the consummate type of anti-theorist, and if his extraordinary fecundity had not been attributed to his contempt for explanations. Intelligent, and knowing by experience that one is never appreciated for one's qualities, but for one's defects, Picasso has given up making himself understood, which does not mean that he has given up understanding himself, and *a fortiori* reasoning about himself. Theories he has, and he often gives utterance to very serious ones, and the poets he forms, or transforms, write them for him. Furthermore, a number of his canvases are expressions of theories, so much so that many a

painter has found a personality for himself by speculating on a single one of his didactic pictures.

The gravest accusation that we would deal with is that which is brought against the "a priority" of theories and their more destructive than fertilizing effect. These strange affirmations are based on the fact that "the most apparently solid theories have the fault of preceding the definitive work." To begin with, what work has ever appeared "definitive" at its appearance? Certain of the critics who admonish us have white hair. Their impatient longings flatter but surprise, in particular, those artists who, having only entered their thirties a few years ago, find themselves called upon to produce simultaneously definitive works and theories, no example of which can be found among their exacting elders.

To understand the utility of theories for the young painter we must realize the terribly confused situation which has come into existence since the time of impressionism. He is surrounded by enormous perils, by opposed temptations; he is infected by bad habits, by *tics* caught in his struggle against the phantoms which he often took for genuine perils, so opaque was the fog that enveloped him. Further (and this is the pathetic part of his position), he is engulfed in theories of the most contradictory, obscure and debased kind, heaped indefatigably on his head by a public that desires at all costs to think for him. The most senseless injunctions, the most literary and inopportune desiderata assail the artist from every side, and invariably assume the form which he is reproached for giving to his own certitudes! What can a man do in the midst of such a chaos of negative formulæ, except take his bearings by means of some positive formula? These theories, which we persist in endowing with stimulating virtues, are nothing else than guiding marks, selected by the artist, on the mysterious road traced for him by his instinct.

The modern painter is a primitive without candour, working with wretched tools in a darkness that the least "enlightened" public thickens at its leisure about him. Sometimes his implement strikes the right point and a spark flies up. The world immediately requests him not to notice it—instead of rejoicing at his being able, by the aid of this precarious light, to distinguish a little of the road which still remains to be covered. We must insist on this point in order to be understood: let no one again accuse us of making our intellectual theories encroach on our instinct. There is no question here of anticipations, but of constatations concerning a work that is not preconceived. Perhaps it might be fitting before we define the painter's theories to define the *painter*, that complex animal who must, in a manner more absolute perhaps than any other artist, obey in the same measure the successive solicitations of matter and spirit; and whose successes or failures are, in most cases, the result of the good or bad orientation given to his instinct by his intelligence.

Furthermore, the painter is, perhaps, of all artists the most profoundly enslaved to his craft. What would be the use of concealing the enormous seriousness of his position under an attitude of detachment? History constantly shows him, amazed at his finds, leaving the easel to work out for himself, on paper, the proof of his discovery. This gesture has only been regarded as criminal since, about a century ago, Barbizon created the legend of the ruminating painter.

It will be interesting to study the different modes of "land-scapeism," if we may venture so to call it, and to point to the decadence of the personage who was once the dictator of the elements and is to-day the slave of the most miserable contingencies.

ANDRÉ LHOTE.

(To be continued.)

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

ADELPHI GALLERIES.—Etchings and Drawings by Orovida.

BURLINGTON GALLERY.—Paintings by Charles Tharp, Enraght Moony, and I. W. Brooks.

FINE ARTS SOCIETY.—Paintings by the late Edward Stott, A.R.A.—British Mountains, by Adrian Allinson.

GROSVENOR GALLERY.—The International Society.

AGNEW GALLERIES.—Paintings by Oswald Birley.

BROOK STREET ART GALLERY.—Sketches of Paris and Versailles by Marius Forestier.

OROVIDA is a painter of animals, a statement which conjures up memories of Landseer, Swan and other exponents of the realism of the Zoo. But Orovida is better than this, for she has realized that primarily an animal is an instrument of pursuit or of escape—that upon its speed depends whether it dines or is dined upon. And she has designed her small pictures to express this dynamical necessity. This shows especially in her first-state etchings, in which she uses the rapid flow of the etching needle to its best advantage. Her drawings are colder than these, more deliberate, and therefore do not express her subject-matter with the same vitality.

Mr. Enraght Moony and Mr. I. W. Brooks show contrasts in imagination. Mr. Moony is a literary artist telling his story in a sympathetic manner and with a skill which now and again, especially in the picture named "A Fairy Tale" (8), lifts his work above mere illustration. He has good and often rich colour, and a simple sense which suits his simple themes. Mr. Brooks is more a deliberate designer; his studies of the sea are quite personal visions, simplified in method, but by no means simple in outlook. There lies a world of difference between the complexity from which his simplifications come and the simplicity from which grow Mr. Moony's elaborations.

The work of the late Edward Stott, A.R.A., is well known to the visitors of the Academy, that of Mr. Allinson to the frequenters of the London Group. They come here into sharp contrast—in fact, scarce anybody in England could have been chosen to contrast more violently with Mr. Stott than Mr. Allinson. Mr. Stott practised an indefinable and an indetermination both of colour and of form which amounted almost to decadence; in fact, I should call Mr. Stott's work far more decadent than that of half of the painters who receive this epithet. Especially do his sketches betray him; the nudes are the result of academic training, but the landscape drawings are weak, indeterminate, and, whenever he can be tempted to put down a colour frankly, very inharmonious. Mr. Allinson has no indefinable, no indetermination; his colour is frank, often violent, and sometimes, as a natural result of this very positiveness, fails in subtlety. But just as Mr. Stott's sketches from nature betray how much is due to mere learning, so in Mr. Allinson's one finds the opposite—that on the whole his sketches are better than his large canvases. One feels that in them the artist was less preoccupied with the means, he has been more absorbed in the reality. In the large canvas, "Symphony in Grey" (36), however, the spaciousness is well planned, and the delicate harmonies of faint colour on the snow-slopes with its subtle gradations and changes have strung him up to the pitch of some of his smaller works.

At the International Society's exhibition there is but one canvas which is worthy of much notice—Mr. Guevara's "Portrait of the Editor of 'Wheels.'" This is an important work, and a real contribution to the art of to-day. There is here a fine rich colour-scheme, a powerful design and considerable craftsmanship. The picture is satisfactory in the mass, yet richly worked in separate parts. It is a work upon which Mr. Guevara should be congratulated. Before it the Whistler, "Almond Blossom" (20), which hangs near by, pales into an anæmic production of a bloodless age. The rest of the International Society's exhibition is exactly what one expects it to be. The well-known painters who constitute the backbone all have their usual examples—some a little better, some a little worse than those of other years, Mr. Philpot's "Melampus and the Centaur" being perhaps the best example of skill applied merely to the production of tedium.

J. G

Music

LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES

VENUS shrieks, the stage blacks out, and as the lights return Tannhäuser finds himself in the valley that leads to Elizabeth and all that is virtuous and beautiful. And on a small practicable eminence sits the shepherd boy tootling folk-songs on a cor anglais. The shepherd boy has nothing to do with the opera. He and his cor anglais are as much part of the landscape as the trees on the other side of the stage. The sailor and the shepherd in the first and third acts of "Tristan" fulfil the same sort of function. In the days when Wagner was young it was impossible to paint a romantic landscape without a few figures in the foreground. Human interest was expected, although some of the painters at any rate saw quite well in their own minds that the main interest of the picture must be the landscape itself, and that the figures, if they were anything more than a concession to correct taste, were put in simply to give scale, or for some other purely technical reason.

But the painters painted their landscapes in that convention because it was average human nature to see actual landscape in that way; and it is probable that average human nature goes on seeing landscape in that way all the more because it has been educated (subconsciously, it may be) on the popular paintings of the past. The traveller in the wilds of Ruritania or Barataria fixes his recollections of scenery by grouping them into some sort of picture, according to his particular standard in art. And in the foreground sits the shepherd boy tootling on his cor anglais. The traveller returns. He has painted no pictures, composed no music, written no poetry. He is just an ordinary man who is sensitive to artistic impressions, and these he is more anxious to combine mentally into a whole than to analyse into their component parts. It is one of the functions of memory to select and group these impressions—of all five senses, it may be—into what we may call a picture or a symphony, according to taste. The farewell glance backwards at the top of the pass, the domes and towers on the hill before us, the smell of the woods through which the road winds down to the old Roman bridge, the group of peasant women kneeling below it, and singing a folk-song as they flap the linen on the wet stones—all these things are digested into a composite memory with the help of that flask of good wine that crowns the journey's end.

Stored up in the recesses of the mind, any of the single impressions may wake the rest into a flash of life. A gleam of sunlight on a building in London, a taste—perhaps more vividly than anything else, a smell—brings back the whole picture, to him who has once added it to his accumulated experience. But such evocations are incommunicable to others. You cannot record the taste and the smell, and pass them on; and only the painter can seize the essentials of the visual memory. So there remains the song; and it is worth while considering a little more carefully how the song affects us. No two people will hear it quite in the same way, even if they chance to hear the same song. One perhaps can write it down accurately on the spot, another hears it only as an unseizable series of sounds. But even then it stands out strangely in the mind. The landscape is motionless, and for practical purposes eternal. It was there before, it goes on being there, and will be there when we come back next year, we hope. But the song is momentary: it begins, it moves, it ends. It is human,

and it puts two human beings in spiritual contact as nothing else can, even if it is heard only as a voice, and not as a song.

And so it seems to come about that the traveller often seizes upon the song as a sort of symbol of the whole complex. There are many who come home with heads full of such memories, curiously conscious, in the most vivid way, as far as one can judge, of music which just eludes the grasp of certainty. It is there, and not there; perhaps they can murmur a fraction of a phrase from the middle, vaguely describe its outline, possibly even write down a note or two, lamentably uncertain whether it began on an up-beat or a down-beat. But the traveller seems to feel poignantly that if he could only write the song down, or if he could sing it to you so that you could write it down, you would at once be transported, as you picked it out with one finger on the pianoforte, to that happy valley where the women were washing clothes, that you would smile at that peasant girl who looked exactly like the Madonna in the local great master's pictures, note the particular blue of the wet linen, the curve of the antique arch, the sunlight on the dome of the cathedral, smell the whiff of cedar from the carpenter's shop, and above all taste that wonderful wine.

Somebody finally does write the song down, puts a pianoforte accompaniment to it, and prints it with English words. The learned musicologist turns over the pages and notes a five-bar rhythm, a mixolydian mode, or shakes his head over a suspicion of the variety theatre in the local capital. Then the book goes on to the shelf to join the rest of the ethnological material and be entered in the bibliography under its country of origin.

It is one of the sad illusions of the folk-song collectors that the songs themselves will express all the happiness that went to the collecting of them as well as all the sorrow that may have gone to their making. It was the lamentable error of Schumann that he accepted symbols for realities; he revered and loved such things as motherhood and youth, but forgot to notice that a stupid tune was none the less stupid because a young man or a young woman sang it. There are musicians, just as there are workers in other arts, who make a practice of extolling whatever is primitive. It comes partly from a reaction against the complexity of a cultivated art. There are plenty of moments when we are bored with the labour of detail, and irritated by the exaggeration of mere virtuosity. In those moments it may be well to go back to origins, to trace them scientifically if we can, and to analyse as far as we are able the emotional values of an art that was hardly conscious of being an art at all. But these are historical studies, and must be pursued in a historical sense. There must be no muddling and confusion of ideas, no falsifying of æsthetic principle by disguising nonsense in the elusive draperies of association. The folk-song has three distinct values—the scientific, the sentimental and the artistic. The last two must be clearly distinguished; it is with the artistic value alone that the pure musician is concerned. What has been said applies no less to the folk-songs of England than to those of more distant countries, especially now that in England the intensive culture of folk-song has become a lucrative musical industry. Those sixteen printed bars in the mixolydian mode can never evoke for a strange reader that dear old lady who crooned them in the kitchen of the sweetest little cottage in the world. They must be judged critically, simply as music and nothing else. It may be that some man of real genius may succeed in weaving them into a work of art, but if so, it will be not the folk-songs that make the man of genius, but the man of genius who ennobles the folk-songs.

EDWARD J. DENT.

A BARMECIDE FEAST

THE LIFE OF LIZA LEHMANN. By Herselt. (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

"MADAME CLARA BUTT suddenly rose to her full height, and with a wild expression of countenance, her eyes rolling as if her wits had deserted her, exclaimed, 'This is too much! I can't bear it any longer! Give me plates! PLATES!!' Upon this she snatched up her own plate and made as if to throw it across the dinner table. But Mr. Ronald sprang to his feet, and, with an ashen face, prevented her. . . By this time her husband, at the other side of the table, was also on his feet, calling out in commanding tones, 'Sit down, Clara! Control yourself and sit down at once!' But with a rush the great contralto dashed to the side-board, and, before anyone could stop her, seized a pile of about a dozen plates which happened to be there, and hurled them into the fireplace, where they flew into a thousand pieces with a din better imagined than described."

Most of us have wished that we could snatch a glimpse of the Great as they unbend. We watch Mr. Ronald at the Albert Hall, and wonder vaguely if he always conducts himself as well as he conducts his orchestra; we listen to Madame Butt singing "O rest in the Lord," and feel that feverish hours of reaction must surely follow such a quintessence of devotional serenity. Well, now you know; this book, as you see, will tell you all about it. The rest of the volume does not quite sustain the expectations raised by the pages from which the above thrilling episode is culled, but it is nevertheless full, as the advertisements say, of instructive and entertaining matter. It will certainly appeal to that portion of mankind which finds its chief pleasure in rubbing shoulders vicariously with eminent persons, for its pages fairly teem with celebrities. As early as page 3 Liszt drops in and "rhapsodizes in an inspired manner" whilst waiting for his favourite dish of "Bacon and Aches" to be cooked. Hard on his heels follow Browning ("Ami de la maison"), Jenny Lind, the Pope, Leighton, Watts, Edison, Violet Hunt, Rubinstein (the pianist, not the chess-player); Verdi, who regales our compositrice on a "fish a yard long, decked all down its spine with red camellias" (Bacon and Aches seems very tame fare after this); Clara Schumann (who insists on imparting to her the tradition of dear Robert's "Lieder"); Brahms (a tough nut:—"my charming hostess was quite offended with him because he never asked to hear me sing. I was very thankful, for, truth to tell, his bluff and coarse manners," etc.); Joachim—but this is degenerating into a mere catalogue.

Not the least entertaining part of the book is the lengthy series of press extracts and reviews, reproduced *in extenso*, not merely from the familiar columns of the *Times* and the *Telegraph*, but from such wild organs of transatlantic journalism as the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, the *Houston Society News*, and the *Ypsilanti Normal Collegian*. "Liza Lehmann," remarks the *Plain Dealer*, "belongs to all English-speaking peoples as Shakespeare or Wordsworth or Joaquin Miller." One is tempted to ask, with Whistler, Why drag in Shakespeare and Wordsworth? Of the opera "Everyman" there is but one notice: do you care to learn the reason of this reticence? Let the authoress enlighten you in her own words: "As I had literally only one really sympathetic review, and as moreover it describes the work very much as I would have it described [italics ours], I may be forgiven for reproducing the major part of it here." At that we may take leave of a most ingenuous volume. He were churl indeed who should scoff at a vanity so naive and so revealing.

CONCERTS

A RHAPSODY for orchestra, entitled "The Slopes of Kaimactchalen," by Dr. J. R. Heath, which was produced at the Promenade Concert on Wednesday, the 8th inst., aims at giving an impression of Macedonian mountain scenery. The composer certainly obtains an effect of gauntness and bleakness both in his harmony and in his treatment of the orchestra, but he has not quite succeeded in giving musical coherence to his ideas. The Serbian melodies on which the work is based have not strength in themselves to stand up against the storm.

MISS CONSTANCE IZARD deserves thanks for a more than usually interesting programme at her recital on October 6. Violinists too often fall back upon stock concertos accompanied by the pianoforte. The pianoforte can never reproduce the weight and dignity of an orchestral *tutti*, and if, as generally happens, the *tutti* passages are ruthlessly cut down, the whole balance of the work is ruined. Miss Izard wisely avoided this error by choosing Chausson's chamber concerto, and a concerto of Vivaldi with string orchestra ably led by Miss Marjorie Hayward. If Miss Izard could only acquire a little more delicacy and elegance of style in addition to her undoubted fervour and intelligence of interpretation, she would be a fine player.

UNDER the auspices of the Anglo-Swedish Society, a young Swedish dancer, Miss Ronny Johansson, gave a performance of "modern character dances" on October 8. Miss Johansson has a distinct individuality of her own which shows itself in a very piquant sense of humour such as one does not usually associate with "interpretative dancing." Her costumes are both original and charming.

THE Symphonic Rhapsody of Arnold Bax, played by Miss Myra Hess at her recital on October 9, raises the question of what is meant by the word "symphonic." It sounds like a very masterly transcription, like one of those pieces in which Liszt set down not just the actual notes of another man's work, but his own impressions of the emotional experience of hearing it. That is the romantic view of the pianoforte, the instrument above all others for evoking the memory and the sum of many memories of music heard and absorbed into the musician's personality. For such music Miss Myra Hess, with her wide range of style and her unusually delicate and sensitive understanding, is an ideal interpreter.

THE first of the very enterprising series of Sunday evening chamber concerts arranged by Mr. Arthur Bliss at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, took place on October 5, and introduced us to a new composer, Mr. Armstrong Gibbs. The work performed was a string quartet, and his success in this difficult medium gives one high hopes for the future. The essence of his work is a thoughtful and reticent beauty rather than the violent and assertive individualism that is fashionable to-day. His tendency is obviously to think in line rather than in mass, and he might do better to discard the harmonic type of design altogether, and evolve a contrapuntal design, based on the principle of equality among the voices—a principle that is inherent in the string combination, but hard to square with the requirements of sonata form. It is quite time that problems of design and texture, and their mutual relationship, were re-examined in the light of recent harmonic developments.

At the second concert, on October 12, an unfamiliar work was heard in the shape of a "Comedy Suite" for pianoforte and clarinet, by Mr. Herbert Howells. The title, "To a Lovesick Mannikin," is characteristic of its age, and a good deal of the music is either by Stravinsky out of Goossens or by Goossens out of Stravinsky—it would be rather hard to say which. In its way it is quite well done, but the trouble is that this kind of thing is apt to sound *vieux jeu* almost before the ink is dry on the paper. As soon as Mr. Howells finds something to write about, he ought to give us some fine music, for he is already an adept in audacious rhythms and ingenious harmonies and has a keen melodic instinct as well. The range and beauty of Mr. Draper's clarinet tone in this work were things to marvel at. The rest of the concert was notable for a surpassingly fine performance of Ravel's Trio by Lady Ross, M. Defauw and Mr. Howard Bliss, and one of Couperin's all-too-rarely heard "Concerts Royaux" for the same combination. The spiritual affinity between the old master and the new is unmistakable.

Drama

SHYLOCK AND THE GHETTO

COURT THEATRE.—The Merchant of Venice.

IT is so rare and so good a thing to hear Shakespeare in London nowadays, that we should go away happy from a far worse performance than that which fills the Court Theatre with an appreciative and enthusiastic audience. Let us have but the lines spoken so that we can hear them, and the continuity of the action as little interrupted as possible by changing scenes, and we have feasted with the gods. Had there been fewer mundane intervals in the banquet last night, and their intolerable vacuity less emphasized by the extremely incidental music, we should have found hardly a word to say in criticism of Mr. Fagan's production of "The Merchant of Venice."

But those intervals played the devil with the illusion in which we were always ready to be sunk. They gave us time and inclination to vent our impatience on the actors, to think of the physique of Portia and the thickness of Shylock's speech. Will no producer of Shakespeare understand that by delaying the action for the establishment of elaborate scenes, he loads the dice against himself, and interrupts that alchemy of Shakespeare which transmutes a buxom Portia into a graceful girl? The question is perhaps unfair. There is no reason to believe that Mr. Fagan does not understand these things, and we are willing to suppose that he has weighed the one advantage against the other. The audience (or at least a large and vocal part of it) loves to see the curtain go up and down upon the grouped and bowing actors; it loves the brilliant but emphatic acting of a M. Moscovitch; one would say it loves, and loves most of all, everything that can be jockeyed into Shakespeare over and above and below and in between the lines. Well, well—it's no use being superior. If the public will have Shakespeare on its own terms, we have no right to blame the manager for submitting. Indeed, we are sure that a compromise like Mr. Fagan's, which fills the theatre with a rapt audience and their ears with Shakespeare's music, is better, far better, for everybody than the artistic austerity which would win before a half-empty house the icy approval of high-brows like ourselves. Therefore, good luck to Mr. Fagan, and may he be emboldened to put on at the Court, with as many intervals and curtain-raising as he thinks necessary *ad captandum*, one or two of the plays that most of us have never had a chance of hearing.

In any case, it is a tribute to the nature of Mr. Fagan's compromise that Shylock, with all his florid acting and slow delivery, did not perceptibly upset the balance of the play, and this in spite of the fact that M. Moscovitch (quite intelligibly) interpreted his part as a genre picture from the Ghetto, even to the point of uttering a Yiddish imprecation in the trial scene, an aside which was delightedly picked up by his compatriots in the audience. But the general effect was much better than it sounds, because M. Moscovitch is a bigger man than his mannerisms, and Shakespeare is bigger than he. Moreover, his embroideries, though they had not much to do with Shakespeare's Shylock, were governed by something more logical than the actor-manager's desire for self-advertisement. Taken by itself, M. Moscovitch's Shylock was firmly knit together. He was baroque, but he was a single man. M. Moscovitch knows the Ghetto; Shakespeare did not; and somehow it did not seem an impertinence that M. Moscovitch should give Shakespeare the benefit of his inside information. He was telling us not how Shakespeare should have conceived his Jew—that important function is reserved for the English actor-manager—but how a real, modern Shylock in Whitechapel or Warsaw might behave. If the information was slightly irrelevant, it was solid and reliable; and what we have called M. Moscovitch's emphatic acting was

not so much over-acting as playing a different man from Shakespeare's in another world than his. The danger is less than it seems; for Shakespeare has the poetical compulsion which can make heterogeneous things one, if only they are real. It is not a convinced and coherent misinterpretation that ruins a Shakespeare play, but the windy cant and emptiness of the self-advertiser.

The play would have gained as a whole had it been taken more quietly. Mr. Miles Malleson's excellent Launcelot Gobbo went to prove this. His delivery was low, yet it could be heard perfectly, and what is more, his fooling could be perfectly appreciated by the audience. Miss Mary Grey's Portia was somewhat lacking in the *élan* of a youthful lover, but she had our gratitude for her melodious enunciation of her lines. The restraint of Solanio (Mr. E. Leahy) at times revealed how far astray was the exuberance of his fellows. We know of no reason why Portia's phrase "these deliberate fools" should be taken as applying to Aragon in particular, or indeed to any of the suitors in the sense that it might be applied to Malvolio. Aragon's lines are not in the least foolish; but it is foolish to deliver them as though they were.

To return to our first impression. Had there been no tedious gaps and delays, the performance was quite good enough to leave us contented with Mr. Fagan, his actors, and the world. Mr. Fagan must decide. Is it worth buying a regular and general eulogy from us at the cost of suppressing these interruptions, or would he lose in cash at the box-office far more than the money's worth of the gratification our unstinted praise would give him? It is a practical problem. If he, from his experience, assures us that he could not fill his theatre if he began to play some of the scenes in front of the curtain, why then there's no more to be said. Our common aim is to fill a London theatre with people listening to Shakespeare. If there is a risk that the receipts will drop five pounds a week by the reform, then Mr. Fagan does well not to take it. But might he not try the effect of pointing out to his public that with half the intervals gone they would all catch their trains without having to run for them? M.

Correspondence

"LE LATIN MYSTIQUE"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—The writer of "Literary Notes" in THE ATHENÆUM of October 10 did well to draw attention to the interest of Remy de Gourmont's "Le Latin Mystique," but that delightful book is in no sense a safe guide to the student of mediæval Latin poetry. It is a book for those who, like des Esseintes in Huysmans' "A Rebours," wish to enjoy strange savours and curiosities of style. "Seule, que l'on croyait ou non, seule la littérature mystique convient à notre immense fatigue"—this is the text of de Gourmont's book. A much better guide for English students, in spite of its rather awkward arrangement and its Protestant bias, is Archbishop Trench's "Sacred Latin Poetry" (revised edition, 1874), which appears occasionally on the second-hand stalls. It is a scholarly work, which only needs to be corrected in the light of recent research, whereas Remy de Gourmont's frequent errors would appear to be the result of perversity, or, what is worse, of mere carelessness.

Thus there is no adequate reason for the ascription to St. Bernard of the famous "Jesu, dulcis memoria," or the "Rhythm" containing the lines beginning,

Dic, ubi Salomon, olim tam nobilis.

Hauréau and Vancandard have proved conclusively that Bernard, although a master of exquisitely poetical prose, was incapable of anything but the most mediocre verse. The utmost that can be said is that the unknown author of the "Jesu, dulcis memoria," derived much inspiration from the sermons of the doctor mellifluus and his tract "De Diligendo Deo."

Since the death of Dr. Neale little has been done in England for the study of the poetry of the Latin Church, but the labours of the learned Jesuits, Drevès and Blume, concentrated in the fifty-three volumes of "Analecta Hymnica," have at last provided an admirable *corpus* of texts, with a full *apparatus criticus* and invaluable notes. We are, therefore, now in a position to dispense with Daniel and Mone. Dümmler and Traube's "Poetæ Latini Ævi Carolini" carry us safely through the age of Charles the Great and his successors, but for the eleventh and twelfth centuries much remains to be done. New and critical editions of Peter Damiani (the author of that strange mystical poem

Quis est hic qui pulsat ad ostium,
Noctis rumpens somnium?),

of Fulbert of Chartres, Hildebert of Le Mans, and Marbod of Rennes—to name only a few—might almost be described as urgent needs. Gautier's edition of Adam of St. Victor, the text of which was reprinted by Wrangham with an English translation, now requires revision. Adam added to his mastery of the double rime, which Hildebert had already used so effectively, a great talent for creating new verse-forms; but it was left for St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventura and the author of the "Stabat Mater" to show the full possibilities of the new metres, when to technical skill was joined the spiritual genius of the mystic and the saint.

It was out of Franciscan Christianity that blossomed the last and most perfect flowers of mediæval Latin poetry. The subjects are always the same—the passion of Jesus and the sorrow of Mary. The Franciscan poets, from Bonaventura to Jacopone, had always their faces set to the scene of this double passion, where

Under the world-redeeming rood
The most afflicted mother stood,
Mingling her tears with her Son's blood.

With the "Dies Iræ," the "Stabat Mater" and Pecham's "Philomena prævia," Latin poetry ends on a note unknown to the old doctrinal hymnology, an emotion of personal pathos and pity, out of which was destined, finally, to emerge the lyrical poetry of the modern world.

But there are many who will delight to turn back to the beginnings of Christian poetry in the West, in Prudentius and Paulinus of Nola. Trained in the public schools, those last strongholds of pagan culture, where, as M. Boissier has reminded us, poetry was literature *par excellence*, they had that sense of style which gives such distinction to the masterpieces of antiquity. They are the last men of the ancient world as well as the first of the new. In them the classical and the catholic are blended, but it is only the material that is catholic; the form bears always the character of the pagan schools.

F. J. E. RABY.

WHO WROTE "THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND"?

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—The title-page of this play, when published in book-form, ran: "The Suspicious Husband. A Comedy as it is acted at the Theatre-Royal in Covent Garden. By Dr. Hoadly. London: Printed for J. and R. Tonson and S. Draper in the Strand, 1747. Price 1s. 6d."

The Dr. Hoadly here indicated was Benjamin Hoadly, M.D., physician to George II. (born in 1706, died in 1757). He was one of the five sons of Benjamin Hoadly, D.D. (Bishop of Salisbury from 1724 to 1734, and of Winchester from 1734 to 1761), by his first wife Sarah Curtis. Sarah Hoadly, who was a considerable portrait painter, died in 1743, and the bishop remarried in 1745.

"The Suspicious Husband" was a highly successful play, and Garrick frequently appeared as the generous, rollicking "Ranger." (See Parson's "Garrick and his Circle," 1906, p. 98.)

An early reference to the play is made by Thomas Birch in a letter to John, fifth Earl of Orrery, directed from London on Dec. 4, 1746. Lord Orrery was obliged for a time to live in Caledon, co. Tyrone, and Birch kept his patron duly informed of public events in the metropolis. The paragraph in question, which shows that another title had been originally intended for the comedy, runs thus:

Mr. Barry, from Dublin, reigns upon the stage at Drury Lane, and is opposed by a confederacy at the other house, consisting of

Garrick, Quin and Mrs. Cibber, who are all to appear in January in a new tragedy of Mr. Thomson's called "Coriolanus," and in "The Married Coquet," a new comedy of Doctor Hoadly [*sic*], physician to his Majesty's household, and son to the Bishop of Winchester.—"The Orrery Papers," 1903, vol. i. p. 303.

As a fact, when the latter play was staged Garrick only, of the trio, appeared in the cast, for reasons that may be inferred from Fyvie's "Tragedy Queens of the Georgian Era," 1909, pp. 86 and 87.

That King George's medical adviser should turn playwright caused some surprise, and Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, writing to the second Duchess of Portland towards the close of 1746, remarked:

I hear there is going to be published a new comedy by Dr. Hoadly [*sic*] and a tragedy by Mr. Thomson. I have no great expectations of the comedy, for Dr. Hoadly is a sober physician, and must be a kind of comedian *malgré lui*.—Climenson's "Elizabeth Montagu," 1906, vol. i. p. 236.

The Rev. Edmund Pyle, D.D. (1702-1776), experienced still greater difficulty in accepting the prevailing rumour, and his evidence is of value from his intimacy with the Hoadly family. In 1752 he became the bishop's companion and private secretary, and went into residence with the prelate or some years at his palace, Winchester House, Chelsea. Writing to Samuel Kerrich, D.D., on March 9, 1747, he thus alludes to the subject:

To be sure, you've heard of Ben Hoadly's comedy called "The Suspicious Husband"? I am going to read it, and see it, and then, I'll say more to you. At present all I have to observe is, that it is a wonderful thing (to me) that any man could find in his heart to write a comedy in the year of mourning for his wife. I suppose 'tis to be solved by the old rule of evils being cured by their contraries. I correspond with a lady in London who tells me Ben's is a fine play, and 'tis generally thought that the Bishop corrected it. Isn't this pleasant! Surely the town's quite out in thinking thus. For an old man that marries a young wife, is not so proper for a writer of comedy, as for a subject of it. But, to be serious, the play is none of Ben's. It was left, nearly finished, by an acquaintance who died; Ben put the last hand to it, and used all his interest to get it the run it has had, and has given all the profit to his friend's widow. However, 'tis published with Ben's name on the title-page.—Hartshorne's "Memoirs of a Royal Chaplain, 1729-1763," 1905, p. 119.

On the other hand, present-day writers on the eighteenth century never question the authenticity of the play. W. E. Henley ("The Works of Henry Fielding," vol. xvi. p. xx), Austin Dobson ("Hogarth," 1907, p. 65), Mrs. Clement Parson ("Garrick and his Circle," p. 184), R. Straus ("Robert Dodsley," 1910, p. 142), H. B. Wheatley ("Hogarth's London," 1909, p. 340), all unreservedly credit it to Benjamin Hoadly, junior; and the fact that Hogarth painted a scene from "The Suspicious Husband," which in 1782 was in the possession of Mrs. Hoadly, may perhaps be regarded as confirmatory evidence.

But if Pyle be right (and those who have read the "Memoirs of a Royal Chaplain" will know that he was remarkably conversant with other people's business), then, though our respect for Benjamin Hoadly's kindness of heart will be greatly augmented, and we shall more easily forgive the long and fulsome dedication to King George, "who honoured the performance with his royal presence," it follows that his name cannot rightly remain on the roll of English playwrights.

Your obedient servant,
I, Essex Court, Temple. J. PAUL DE CASTRO.

PSEUDONYMS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—I shall be glad if any of your readers can give me the names of the authors who have used the following initials and pseudonyms: "A Russian Lady," "Wanderer," "A German Staff Officer," "Dragonof," "O," "Vladimir," "An Old Punjaabee," "A. M. F.," "H. S.," "O. E.," "Anzac," "R. J. B.," "Eye-Witness," "Casualty," "Wagger," "A Real Paddy," "Nemo," "A Royal Field Leech," "Le Petit Homme Rouge," "The O'Clery," "An Officer of the Royal Artillery," "Platoon Commander," and "Alva."

Yours faithfully, ARCHIBALD SPARKE.

Reference Library, Bolton;
["Eye-Witness" was Lieut.-Col. E. D. Swinton, and "Le Petit Homme Rouge" E. A. Vizetelly.—ED.]

Foreign Literature

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE SPANISH PEOPLE

PSICOLOGÍA DEL PUEBLO ESPAÑOL. Por Rafael Altamira. Segunda edición, corregida y muy aumentada. (Barcelona, Editorial Minerva, S.A. 3 pesetas.)

NO Spanish scholar of his generation is better known than Sr. D. Rafael Altamira, and none more thoroughly deserves his repute. His name is familiar wherever there exists any living interest in things Spanish, and it would be particularly superfluous to go through the form of presenting him to readers of THE ATHENÆUM, to which at one time he was a valued contributor. Few writers in Spain are more thoroughly equipped for the useful work of "vulgarization." He has an unrivalled command of facts, is well acquainted with the views held concerning Spain in most countries, writes with force and clearness, and excels in the lucid exposition of complicated details. It is only natural that this unusual combination of qualities should cause his "Historia de la civilización española" to be regarded as an authoritative work (a condensed English version of it has recently been issued by Professor Chapman of the University of California), and that reprints of other publications from the same pen should be demanded.

An enlarged edition of the writer's "Psicología del pueblo español" now lies before us. It includes (pp. 3-24) a new preface written in August, 1917, as well as a reprint of the preface (pp. 27-35) to the original issue, dated December, 1901. Almost inevitably any book on such a subject, published in 1901, would require retouching in 1917. The work was written, first of all, under the impression of the disasters of 1898, when the fortunes of Spain seemed to have reached their nadir, and the reprint marks the amount of progress made in the interval. Perhaps in some essentials that progress is less marked than might have been expected. Sr. Altamira still finds it necessary to contend against "hispanofobia" (which, as he records with characteristic candour, is a malady by no means confined to foreigners), and against a deep-rooted pessimism which, though it has greatly diminished since Bartrina wrote his famous lines entitled "Arabesco," is far from having disappeared. Sr. Altamira's remarks (p. 21) on this persistent survival are illuminating, and not a little disquieting:

Quizá en muchos casos no se confiesa, y aun se cree haberlo vencido; pero en el fondo de muchos españoles sigue coartando actividades, desmayando ánimos y disminuyendo esperanzas.

We are by no means so clear as we could wish to be that Sr. Altamira has wholly escaped contagion; for within a page or two later he states that there has been, within the last few years, an actual retrogression as regards what it is convenient to call "national unity" and patriotic spirit. This is a personal opinion of Sr. Altamira's which need not necessarily be accepted. It is a view at least as tenable that nothing which fairly deserves to be called "national unity" has been exhibited in Spain since the War of Independence. If this be so, the general position has undergone no change. The point is, at best, a doubtful one, and cannot be fully discussed without encroaching on the province of contemporary Spanish politics, a field which lies outside our immediate jurisdiction.

The late Lord Acton was fond of saying that in a single debate in the Cortes of Prim's time there were more appeals to constitutional principles than during the whole of the parliamentary discussions arising out of the Revolution

of 1688, and, allowing for a certain amount of picturesque exaggeration, apparently inseparable from a conversational statement, this is probably as true as such assertions ever are. Sr. Altamira, a most authentic Spaniard, involuntarily confirms Acton; he has all the Latin love of a clear-cut demonstration; his argument often takes a juridical turn, and he is quick to reinforce it by an appeal to authority. These references lend his work a singular interest in the eyes of foreign readers. For them the most valuable part of the present volume will doubtless be the third chapter, in which Sr. Altamira reviews the opinions expressed on Spain by foreigners who have at one time or another travelled through the country. These pages contain little that should be new to those who have read most of the works indicated by M. Foulché-Delbosc in his "Bibliographie," and by Signor Farinelli in his supplementary "Apuntes sobre viajes y viajeros." It is certain, however, that such readers are few, a fact not very surprising when we consider the difficulty of acquiring many of the chief works described by the French and the Italian scholars.

This third chapter will, as we have hinted, be highly appreciated by foreign "hispanisants." We are not so sure that it will be regarded as equally valuable by Spaniards. Travellers in Spain and Portugal are not always complimentary, and natives of the Peninsula are prone to resent external criticism. This resentment is apt to be indiscriminate. The "insulting inquiries" of M. Masson de Morvilliers in the "Encyclopédie méthodique"—"Mais que doit-on à l'Espagne? Et depuis deux siècles, depuis quatre, depuis six, qu'a-t-elle fait pour l'Europe?"—have left a rancorous memory behind them, and this rancour extends to the unappreciative comments which have dropped casually from the pens of genuine admirers whose intentions were anything but hostile. Even Sr. Altamira seems to labour under some disadvantage in this respect, for, though he does partial justice to Théophile Gautier on p. 295, he mentions the French poet in conjunction with Buckle on p. 298, as though the aims of both writers were to some extent comparable. It is no doubt easy to show that Théophile Gautier went astray on matters of minor importance; but his faculty of poetic divination saved him from making irreparable blunders, and enabled him to resuscitate a Spain which has imposed itself upon the fancy of mankind. Gautier's image of Spain, like that evoked long before at second hand by Corneille, may perhaps be *plus belle que nature*, but it is not radically false; it is at all events the Spain which has enchanted the rest of the world, and the fact that the land presented itself under a somewhat similar guise to two men so different, so widely separated by time and circumstance and opportunity—Corneille was never in Spain—makes it seem possible that there is something more substantial in their vision than most Spaniards are willing to admit. Such considerations, however, are not likely to weigh with Sr. Altamira, who, as befits the trained historian, rejects every view that is not supported by concrete testimony.

He applies this test almost as rigorously to the present and future as to the past, and is difficult to satisfy. He declines to accept the notion that the current pessimism of Spain is a symptom and not a cause of political decay; similarly he rejects the remedy of a dictatorship proposed by Ricardo Macías Picavea. Oddly enough, he inclines rather to the programme of reforms advocated so long, and with so much insistent eloquence, by Joaquín Costa. It is true that the ideal dictator desired by Macías Picavea must be a man of genius, and, as no means can be devised for securing a steady supply of geniuses, Macías Picavea's plan does not recommend itself to Sr. Altamira's positive intelligence. Is not Costa's proposal even less practical? Costa would limit the powers of Cortes, concentrating those

powers in the hands of a smaller body of "statesmen" (*estadistas*). Since the functions of these "statesmen," like those of Macías Picavea's dictator, are to be executive, there is a noticeable similarity between both proposals, the chief difference being that, under Costa's plan, genius would be as indispensable and would have to be even more widely distributed than under Macías Picavea's system. The difficulty has assuredly not been overlooked by Sr. Altamira, who, however, devotes himself to a subject which he has made peculiarly his own — the question of educational reform. As he points out (p. 210), the matter cannot be called novel, for similar ideas were thrown out more than seventy years ago by Balmes. Political progress, slow everywhere, is particularly slow in Spain, so that it is not astonishing that impatient enthusiasts like Marchena Ruiz de Cuelo—the *spirituel avorton*, as Chateaubriand described him—should have argued for a complete break with the past. Sr. Altamira is too good a historian to think such a course desirable, even if it be possible; he objects to it on the practical ground that the adoption of such a policy would merely strengthen the reactionaries. His hopes for the future are based on a prospective improvement in the domain of historical studies, an improvement which he expects to extend to the novel, and which may help to extirpate the *leyenda negra* recently described by Sr. Juderías, and previously handled in a more scientific spirit by the author of the present volume. Evidently Sr. Altamira has an invincible belief in the efficacy of learning; so sanguine is he that he hopes even to destroy the "patriotic legend" which he traces back to the "Cronica general" of the thirteenth century. The difficulty of distinguishing between legends of this type, emanating from the cultivated minority, and those originating with the less-informed public is extreme; manifestly the undaunted Sr. Altamira considers this a piece of indispensable spadework, and, in a moment of exigent idealism, goes so far as to declare that the bulk of what passes for Spanish history is honeycombed with legends of one sort or the other. Few readers will be tempted to follow the author in these speculative flights. We are content to thank him for an extremely able book, teeming with ideas and with knowledge, lucid in style, and sound in temper and tone.

Many Spanish works printed nowadays are disfigured by irritating press blunders. In the present volume misprints are comparatively few and unimportant; *problema* (p. 73) and *imbajo* (p. 75) are obvious oversights which can mislead nobody. Less trifling is "Marcillo" (p. 313); and with respect to Fox Morcillo, we miss any reference to the useful monograph on this writer issued in 1903 by Sr. González de la Calle. The omission must be accidental, for nothing is more characteristic of Sr. Altamira's habitual fairmindedness than his scrupulous inclusion of contemporaries with whom he can scarcely be in general sympathy; the trait is sufficiently uncommon in Spain to be worth mentioning. Moreover, the bibliographical appendices come as near completeness as may be. We are not compelled to accept all the bibliographer's appreciations. As in the case, already mentioned, of Théophile Gautier's work, there is an element of patriotic caprice in the estimate of "Du Sang, de la Volupté et de la Mort" (p. 299); something of the same sort accounts for the excessive praise bestowed (pp. 292, 293 and 302) on the laborious Feijóo. But it is fair to say that examples of this kind are rare in the present volume. We part from Sr. Altamira reluctantly, and not without a hope of meeting him again before very long, for on p. 273 he promises a forthcoming work with the appetizing title of "Manual del patriota español." The announcement will awaken no small expectations in those who are interested in the subject and in the play of a most ingenious mind.

J. F.-K.

BACK TO MACHIAVELLI

VITA E MORALE MILITARE. Da Luigi Russo. (Milano, Fratelli Treves. 3 lire.)

WE in England, who adopted conscription unwillingly under the stress of a great necessity and are preparing to throw it off on the first opportunity, cannot hope to realize the part played by the army in the life of one of the great continental nations, and the consequent significance of these excellent lectures delivered at the Scuola Militare of Caserta by a schoolmaster who had distinguished himself at the front. Like most Italian thinkers of to-day, he will have nothing to do with the abstract eighteenth-century idea of the State as Justice. The prevailing tendency to identify justice with the cultural, ethical and economic capacity of a people implies a return to the theory of Machiavelli, the creator of the national army, that the State is Power. If Machiavelli's doctrines have been slowly absorbed, they have been developed and given a new meaning. His idea of force was individualistic and tyrannical. It had no profound moral content. But the power of our modern State is moral. Machiavelli held the mediæval idea that power belonged to the State, morality to the Church and that by separating the State from the Church he freed it from moral obligations. "The power of a State, which is the effective incarnation of the spiritual strength of a nation, is always governed by an internal moral law." The supposed natural rights of nations written in the stars are the product of the idleness, selfishness and cowardice of peoples who would sleep on the glorious achievements of their fathers instead of being prepared to defend them.

Hence the need of an army, which must not, however, be a mere weapon of defence or offence, but a great educational force, stimulating the weaker vessels and disciplining the energy of the nation. Not that Signor Russo despairs of the abolition of war. But even if what we mean by war should disappear, there will still be need of an army, industrial or whatever the times may require, since struggle is the law of life, and it must be an educational force. Pacifism is of value as a mental attitude, since it tends to check war. But when it becomes a religion and claims to eliminate war from reality it is doomed to failure.

Signor Russo is hopeful of the prospects of the League of Nations. The difficulties in the way are not spiritual, but purely external, and such as the progress of history can easily remove. But each State will still possess its individual character. The League will not be a stagnant marsh of internationalism, but an arena where the nations will vigorously carry on their peaceful rivalry.

"The League of Nations is merely a better elaborated, better thought-out system of international law, affording surer guarantees for the sanction of international right than were offered by the old appeals to force. But we must remember that international law exists only in so far as the nations themselves sanction it."

We have dwelt rather on Signor Russo's general views than upon the chapters in which he deals with the details of his subject. Through them runs the idea of the army as a great educational system which should help to bring a man's powers to perfection. Only in so far as this is done will he be a good soldier, for the soldier is primarily a man. Our author is careful to disclaim any idea of moralizing, of enunciating dead precepts. All he attempts is to stimulate the moral and intellectual experience of his hearers. Philosophy is much in the air in Italy at present, and is even taught in secondary schools. But the officers who could follow this admirable course, for which Giovanni Gentile has written the introduction, must have been far above the average of our own army in intellectual attainments.

L. C.-M.

EDUARD BERNSTEIN'S REMINISCENCES

AUS DEN JAHREN MEINES EXILS: ERINNERUNGEN EINES SOZIALISTEN. Von Eduard Bernstein. (Berlin, Erich Reiss.)

HERR BERNSTEIN is too modest and does himself less than justice when, in the course of this most interesting volume of his "reminiscences of exile," he says that, long as he lived in England, he was almost altogether unknown. That is no doubt true as far as the mass of the British people are concerned, for what distinguished foreigner living among us is known to the man in the street? But it is not a fact in regard to certain important centres of British opinion. There were, as Herr Bernstein's own pages bear witness, many leading members of the Liberal or Socialist parties in London who knew him well; and a considerable number of the older members of the National Liberal Club and of the Fabian Society still remember the now veteran German Social Democratic writer and politician during his residence in London. For these Bernstein's pages of reminiscence will have an extraordinary attraction.

And not alone for those who knew Bernstein personally or can recall seeing him in the National Liberal Club or elsewhere. His book, dealing though it does with his experiences in other countries which he visited during the period of his enforced absence from Germany, deserves to be called a piece of English social and political history during the two closing decades of last century. It is thus of general historical value, of no mere sentimental importance. Bernstein, a foreigner, had the advantage of seeing, with the eye of a detached and mature observer, the beginning and early development of those movements of political, intellectual and social life which many to-day knew only in their youth and early manhood. For the younger generation too, therefore, his book must have a special interest.

Eduard Bernstein's years of exile began in 1878, when, at the invitation of the German Socialist publicist and journalist, Karl Hochberg, he left Germany and proceeded to Switzerland, travelling over the St. Gotthard Pass by road—for no railway was as yet in existence—to Lugano. From Italian-speaking Switzerland he went on later to German-speaking and settled for some time in Zurich, where many of his countrymen and fellow-Socialists were assembled in consequence of the anti-Socialist campaign then being waged by Bismarck. The Swiss city became, in fact, the principal meeting-place for the German Social Democratic Party, which held three of its congresses there and issued its own organ, the *Sozialdemokrat*, of which Bernstein became the editor. It was in consequence of his conduct of this paper, which the authorities of the German Government considered dangerous to them, that Bernstein and some of his collaborators, in the year 1888, were expelled from Switzerland. In this way, in the spring of the same year, Bernstein came on his first visit to London, in company with Bebel. Here he went to the house of Friedrich Engels, who took him to Marx—for London too, at this time, was a headquarters of German Social Democracy.

The description of the Marx household has often been given, but probably nowhere so attractively as here by Bernstein. He tells again the sad story of Marx's daughter Eleanor and her union with the brilliant but heartless and irresponsible Edward Aveling—who, by the way, Bernstein, asserts, was the model for Mr. Bernard Shaw's portrait of the artist Dubedat in "The Doctor's Dilemma." Bernstein, of course, was brought into touch with Shaw on one of his later visits.

His first impressions of London and the English character are interesting. He gives play to his admiration of the freedom of English life; he is at con-

siderable pains to explain—and it must be remembered that these reminiscences first appeared during the war in the German literary review *Die Weissen Blätter*, which, though temporarily settled at Zurich, nevertheless circulated widely in Germany—that hypocrisy is not a universal characteristic of the Englishman, and that hospitality and honest good-fellowship lie beneath a great deal of shyness. He does not gloss over the picture of London's misery, however, and his dark pages on this will recall a period of late nineteenth-century history which is now almost beginning to be forgotten—the period during which Charles Booth conducted his elaborate investigations into the lives of the London poor and monster meetings of protest were held in Trafalgar Square. To-day, reading these pages, one cannot help feeling that, though there are still slums and Trafalgar Square still sometimes has its demonstrations, London has made progress from the time when Eduard Bernstein first saw it.

Some of Bernstein's pen-pictures are most attractive. The description he gives, for example, of the rollicking English way in which Engels always insisted on spending Christmas, quite in the Dickensian manner, is a most entertaining and valuable addition to our knowledge of the Socialist writer to whom, more than to anyone, Germany—and to a certain extent we ourselves—owe our knowledge of the history of the working-class movement in Great Britain. There are also interesting sidelights on William Morris and a number of English Socialists still living with several of whom Bernstein came into contact at the beginning of their career. Altogether we have in these reminiscences a most readable and important volume, of which we should be glad to see an English translation issued in this country.

THE NEW SCHOOL FOR LIBRARIANS

At the opening of the University of London School of Librarianship, Sir Frederic Kenyon, in the name of the British Museum, the largest public library in the world, welcomed the establishment of the School as the first step in the recognition of librarianship as a profession. Hitherto there had been some justification for the view that librarians were, in a sense, amateurs. Municipal economy had been an obstacle to the proper development of libraries and librarianship; but it was now being realized that books, libraries, and librarians were not a luxury, but a necessity of life. The programme of the School showed the high standard of training required of the modern librarian. Recognition by the University was an important step towards a truer view of the functions of the librarian, and one that would have a great effect on public opinion on the status of the profession, and, no doubt, on its more adequate remuneration. One lesson of the war was the need for a greater cultivation of the mind and spirit. The nation possessed knowledge, but did not make full use of it. Parents, employers, and leaders of industry did not believe in knowledge. Governments did not believe in research. But Napoleon's maxim that the moral is to the material as two to one had a deeper significance in peace than even in war. The condition of Europe illustrated the danger of half-educating the people. More education was the sole remedy, and in providing this librarianship must play a foremost part. The Carnegie United Kingdom Trust had provided funds to run the School for an experimental period of five years. At the end of that time there must be no going back; training in librarianship must be fully accepted as a public duty.

The Provost, Sir Gregory Foster, stated that the School had already admitted 68 students, of whom some 30 were taking the full two years' curriculum. He paid a tribute to the work of the Library Association, especially of its late president, Sir John MacAlister, in bringing about the establishment of the School, and inducing the Carnegie trustees to finance it. The School catered primarily for librarians; but the library arts were of the highest use to many others—to booksellers, to those engaged in literary research, and to readers in general.

List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

GENERAL WORKS.

BIBLIOGRAPHY, ENCYCLOPÆDIAS, MAGAZINES, &c.

- *Brown (E. T.), ed. *SELL'S WORLD'S PRESS: the handbook of the Fourth Estate*. Sells, 168-9, Fleet Street, E.C.4. 10 in. 560 pp. il. indexes, 10/6 n. 016.07

After an interval of four years, a new edition (the thirty-fifth) of this useful publication is before us. The lists of journals comprise 32,000 entries; and, notwithstanding the rapidity with which events have been moving on the Continent, the editor has been able to compile indexes, to May 30, 1919, of periodicals appearing in such countries as Russia, Germany, Serbia, and Poland. Preceding the press lists are several special articles, including "The World's Financial and Commercial Press," by Mr. Francis W. Hirst; "The Art of Map Reading," by Mr. G. Philip; "Women and Journalism," by Miss Lilian Arnold; and on "The Origin of the Newspaper Press in England." A few emendations, which might be made in the next issue of the book, have suggested themselves. Poland is a Republic, not a Kingdom. Sir William H. Lever (p. 93) is now Lord Leverhulme. The publishing office of *Art (not Arts) and Letters* (pp. 111 and 305) is at 9, Duke Street, Adelphi. *The New Europe*, issued by Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode, does not appear among the weekly or monthly publications. *Notes and Queries* is now published by Mr. J. Edward Francis, and should be in the list of monthly, not weekly, papers. *The Athenæum*, which is again a weekly publication and is sixpence, should be deleted from the list of monthly journals. *The A.B.C. Railway Guide* is two shillings, not sixpence. "Dulce" (p. 80) should be Duke.

- *Studies: an Irish quarterly of letters, philosophy, and science: September. Dublin, Educational Co. of Ireland [1919]. 9½ in. 176 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 050

In "Socialism and Catholic Teaching" Professor Peter Finlay, while admitting that nationalization and State Socialism are not inconsistent with Catholic teaching, denies that private ownership can be regarded as unjust, and urges that as judged by results private enterprise is best. The Rev. H. Thurston condemns spiritualism as deceptive, subversive of Catholic teaching, and dangerous to morals and sanity; Professor Eoin Macneill contributes a learned study of the Irish law of dynastic succession; and Professor A. E. Clery a review of the Gaelic League from its inception in 1893 to the present day. Professor E. Power writes a first paper on "Palestinian Customs as illustrating the Bible." Mr. T. Wiberley, Director of Agriculture at Queen's University, pleads in "Agricultural Education" for less academic and more practical instruction and for work among the people and on their own farms. "Shakespeare from a New Angle," by Mr. W. J. Lawrence, is an account of the "infer-nals" and "nocturnals," among the latter of which he would place "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which were played in darkened theatres in the late afternoon. The Rev. Ambrose Coleman studies the history of "The Friars Pilgrims of Christ," a society branching off from the Dominican Order early in the fourteenth century.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

- A Corner-Stone of Reconstruction: a book on working for social purity among men. By four Chaplains to the Forces. S.P.C.K., 1919. 7 in. f68 pp., 3/6 n. 176
The Revs. Barten W. Allen (Church of England), A. Herbert Gray (Presbyterian), Joseph Walleth (United Board), and

J. Clark Gibson (Wesleyan) are responsible for this book, in which an endeavour is made, and by no means unsuccessfully, to deal with "the sexual or race problem," to promote purity in the Army, and in general, and to indicate practical methods which may be adopted with those ends in view. There is plain speaking in the book; and the reader is reminded that "ignorance does not mean innocence, and knowledge need not mean sin."

- *Greenwood (Sir Granville George) ("George Forester"). THE FAITH OF AN AGNOSTIC; or first essays in Rationalism. Watts, 1919. 7½ in. 367 pp. app., 12/6 n. 149.7

This revised edition of Sir George Greenwood's essays comprises much new matter. A considerable portion of the work has been rewritten, there are some new chapters, and parts of the first edition have been omitted. The author calls attention to the inaccuracy of the statement, which is frequently made, that religious teaching is absent from the German system of education; and he reminds his readers that complete secular national education obtains in France, "whose standard of honour in the conduct of the War commands the homage of the civilized world." In the appendix Sir George Greenwood deals with some of the aspects of spiritualism, and with statements made by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and others. An index would have added to the usefulness of the book.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

- *Cole (G. D. H.). SELF-GOVERNMENT IN INDUSTRY. Bell, 1919. 7½ in. 294 pp., 5/ n. 331.87

In the first chapter of this fourth edition Mr. Cole explains that certain of his views have been modified. His attack on Mr. Hobson's "sovereignty" idea of the State is considerably toned down, although Mr. Cole still thinks that his division of the community into "producer" associations and "neighbourhood" associations is sound. He retracts, however, his early opinion that the State is merely a "neighbourhood" association and that its characteristic function is to speak for the consumers.

- *Cole (G. D. H.). THE WORLD OF LABOUR: a discussion of the present and future of trade unionism. Bell, 1919. 7½ in. 484 pp. bibliog. index, 5/ n. 331.88

In his preface to this edition Mr. Cole points out the great importance of the worker's demand for a share in the control of industry and the dangers of the Capitalistic interpretation of this demand. Recent events, he thinks, are a strong confirmation of the rightness of Guild Socialistic theory.

- *Domville-Fife (Charles). SUBMARINES AND SEA POWER. Bell, 1919. 9 in. 258 pp. index, 10/6 n. 359

In this treatise the author examines the effect of the submarine on naval strategy, not as a mere matter of history, but as a guide to preparation for the next naval war. As he says, there is a League of Nations, but there have been such things since the dawn of history. As things are, naval strategists should certainly read this book.

- *Roberts (Richard). THE UNFINISHED PROGRAMME OF DEMOCRACY. Swarthmore Press [1919]. 7½ in. 326 pp., 6/ n. 321.8

The author of this striking work endeavours to trace the path along which the democratic principle appears to be travelling. Freedom, industry, money, property, education, and other themes are dealt with in the book, the pages of which are full of arresting thoughts, such as "The task of democracy is that of destroying individualism and of cultivating individuality"; "Dissent has proved itself to be the growing point of society. Yet the dissenter has been stoned and hanged by his contemporaries"; "In America . . . while a woman has made her way to Congress, there is as yet no negro congressman; the idea is still barely thinkable . . . The logic of Lincoln's proclamation has yet to be worked out in the minds of white Americans"; and so on. Mr. Roberts's work is one to be read and inwardly digested.

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

- *Ballard (Ernest). DAYS IN MY GARDEN. Cambridge, Univ. Press, 1919. 10½ in. 211 pp. 131 il. 21/ n. 504

Garden diaries are still much in fashion, and this is one of the most attractive, both illustrated and beautified by the author's photographs, which are well-reproduced. The chief

drawback is the weight, due to the highly glazed paper. Mr. Ballard's keen and delighted observation derives a deeper zest from his firm belief that Nature's beauties are "the finger-prints of God." He describes birds, flowers, trees, and landscapes well, and avoids the dithyrambs—the unconscious free verse—of recent nature-rhapsodists.

600 USEFUL ARTS.

Freir (F. W.). CANADA. See GEOGRAPHY 917.1. 630

Simon (André L.). WINE AND SPIRITS: the connoisseur's textbook. Duckworth [1919]. 9 in. 291 pp., 7/6 n. 641.13

The apostolic advice to Timothy is not directly mentioned in this book, but we think that the author must have had it in his mind. However that may be, Mr. Simon has produced a readable work on a subject of interest and importance. He pleasantly discourses upon the glorious wines of France; also upon port, sherry, malmsey, and marsala; on Californian, Australian, and Cape wines; and, in the latter part of the book, on spirits, liqueurs, beer, cider, and mineral waters. The author quotes Dr. Charles Mercier's pronouncement, delivered in 1912 before the Midland Medical Association: "Alcohol has the power to unlock the store of energy that exists in the brain, and to render available, for immediate expenditure, energy that without its use would remain in store, unavailable for our immediate needs." Mr. Simon has a useful and highly practical chapter on the care of wine. He omits to treat of German, Hungarian, and Greek wines.

790 AMUSEMENTS, GAMES, SPORTS.

Nathan (George Jean). COMEDIANS ALL: a book of contradictory criticism. New York, A. A. Knopf, 1919. 8 in. 267 pp., \$2 n. 792

There is no lack of variety in the subject-matter of this volume. "Maeterlinck as Dramatist," "The Religious Play," "Sex Appeal," "Dramatic Paradox," "The Japanese Play," and "Skating on Thin Ice" are among the numerous topics treated. With regard to dramatic criticism in America, the author aims at showing that much of it is fundamentally insecure and false, though on the surface apparently sound. Mr. Nathan is of opinion that dramatic critics in America are not afraid to find fault, or desirous of pleasing by indiscriminate praise, but that in the circumstances confronting them they are unable to cope with the difficulties of their task: "gush," he says, "is immensely more simple of negotiation than diatribe."

800 LITERATURE.

Æschylus. THE AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS. Translated by Rushworth Kennard Davis. Oxford, Blackwell, 1919. 7½ in. 80 pp. boards, 4/6 n. 882.1

An unpedantic and readable translation. Mr. Davis's blank verse is dignified, and the lyrical measures of the choruses are managed with much literary tact and skill.

Asquith (Herbert Henry). Sir Henry Wotton; with some general reflections on style in English poetry. English Association, pamph. 44, August, 1919. 10 in. 10 pp. paper, 1/ 821.39

A reprint of the lecture noticed in THE ATHENÆUM of June 6, p. 432.

Burnet (W. Hodgson). GULLIBLE'S TRAVELS IN LITTLE-BRIT. Illustrated by Thomas Henry. Westall [1919]. 7 in. 158 pp., 2/6 n. 827.9

This version of "Gulliver's Travels" is not very amusing. A successful social satire demands considerable insight on the part of the author, and the title of the present book invites comparisons. Mr. Burnet sees through no more than the average intelligent man sees through, and that is not quite enough.

Cervantes. CATÀLEG DE LA COLLECCIÓ CERVÀNTICA FORMADA PER D. ISIDRO BONSONS I SICART, i cedida per ell a la Biblioteca de Catalunya. Redactat per Joàn Givanel i Mas. Volum segon, Anyos 1801-79. Barcelona, Institut d'Estudis Catalans, 1919. 10½ in. by 8½ in. 551 pp., 50 ptes. 863.32

The second volume of this unique catalogue. The work is indispensable to students of Cervantes, and will be of the greatest use to all bibliographers interested in Spanish romantic literature. The present volume covers the years 1801-79.

English Association: BULLETIN 38, September, 1919. 10 in. 60 pp. bib. paper. 820.6

The proceedings at the Annual Meeting and the Conference, where current literary affairs were reviewed, and the work of the committees and the branches, form the chief items. A select bibliography of works on English language and literature noticed during 1919 occupies nine pages.

Herford (Charles Harold). NORSE MYTH IN ENGLISH POETRY (reprinted from "The Bulletin of the John Rylands Library," vol. 5, nos. 1 and 2, August, 1918—March, 1919). Manchester, Univ. Press (Longmans), 1919. 10½ in. 31 pp. app. 1/ n. 839.8

In his interesting review of the powerful influences of Norse myth, which began to make themselves felt in English literature at the time of Sir William Temple's essay "On Heroic Virtue" (1690), Professor Herford devotes chief attention to Gray and William Morris. He scarcely displays his usual critical acumen in his eulogy of "the magic and lyric power of the great central scenes" in Morris's "Sigurd." Morris was not a great lyrist, nor do we perceive an "easy, spontaneous flow" in his long lines, the pace and resonance of which are forced rather than smooth and easy.

Holmes (C. J.). LEONARDO DA VINCI: fourth annual lecture on a Master Mind (Henriette Hertz Trust). (For the British Academy) Oxford Univ. Press, 1919. 9 in. 28 pp. paper, 2/ n. 854.25

In this lecture, delivered on the four hundredth anniversary of Leonardo's death, Mr. Holmes sets out to show that Vasari's judgment of the master—"an artist of marvellous gifts who frittered them away on toys and trifles"—is wrong. To-day we know more of Leonardo's mind than did Vasari, so that we may "reverse the traditional formula and regard him as a very great man of science, who made a living by his talent as an artist and an engineer." Mr. Holmes supports his contention by numerous and interesting quotations from Leonardo's note-books. See THE ATHENÆUM for May 9 last, p. 307.

Landon (Walter Savage). A DAY-BOOK OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Chosen by John Bailey. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1919. 6 in. 134 pp. paper 2/ n., cl. 2/6 n. 824.8
See "Literary Notes," ante, p. 1037.

***Shaw (G. Bernard).** HEARTBREAK HOUSE, GREAT CATHERINE, AND PLAYLETS OF THE WAR. Constable, 1919. 7½ in. 316 pp., 7/6 n. 822.9
See review, p. 1028.

POETRY.

Bosanquet (Helen and Bernard). ZOAR: a book of verse. Oxford, Blackwell [1919]. 8 in. 60 pp. boards, 3/6 n. 821.9

Mr. Bosanquet contributes a series of very neat translations from Goethe. He has even ventured on the "König in Thule," that stumbling-block to all would-be translators; but his version, competent as it is, is still a long way off the perfect rendering of one's dreams.

In the banquet hall ancestral of
The castle by the sea

is all right, but the remoteness, the ultimate-Thulian quality of that "Dort" in the original German is lost. Mrs. Bosanquet's part of the volume is original—that is to say, the poems contained in it are not translations; they cannot lay claim to any very great originality of thought or style. "Oxshott Common in War-time" and "The Old Woman's War Work" are pleasant enough. We like less the pieces written in the grand manner.

***Holliday (Robert Cortes), ed.** JOYCE KILMER: POEMS, ESSAYS, AND LETTERS. Edited, with a memoir, by Robert Cortes Holliday. Hodder & Stoughton, 1917 [sic]. 2 vols. 8½ in. 271, 290 pp. il. pors. boards, 12/ n. 811.5
Mr. Holliday's memoir gives a pleasant picture of Alfred Joyce Kilmer, who played many parts during his brief career. In turn, Kilmer was schoolmaster, salesman, lexicographer, editor, interviewer, lecturer, soldier, poet and essayist, convert to the Church of Rome, lover of the simple pleasures of life; and did all things strenuously. Kilmer had edited a journal for horsemen, and he wrote "The White Ships and the Red," one of the more notable poems on the tragedy of the Lusitania. These substantial volumes constitute a fine tribute to a

versatile and warm-hearted man; and besides the memoir, readers will find them to contain a well-arranged collection of Kilmer's works in verse and prose.

Latin Poems of the Renaissance. Translated by Richard Aldington ("The Poetry Translation Series"). "The Egoist," 1919. 7½ in. 32 pp. boards, 2/. 879.1

Mr. Aldington's prose translations from the florid neo-Latin poetry of the Italian Renaissance are pleasant enough. But the classics at second hand do not excite us much. The pastoral and mythological conventions are apt to grow tedious after a time.

O'Hara (John Bernard). THE POEMS OF JOHN BERNARD O'HARA: a selection. Melbourne, Vidler [1919]. 8 in. 208 pp., 6/ 821.9

Many of these tuneful poems by the minor Swinburne of Australasia are among the closest imitations we have met with of the master's sweeping rhythms, e.g. "A Ride Seawards." The spacious splendours of the Southern landscapes and a fervent and pious delight in life are the main inspiration of poems in many metres, the least successful of which are the sonnets.

FICTION.

Cannan (Gilbert). TIME AND ETERNITY. Chapman & Hall, 1919. 7½ in. 227 pp., 7/ n. See review, p. 1035.

***Coke (Desmond).** YOUTH, YOUTH! Chapman & Hall, 1919. 8 in. 316 pp. il., 7/6 n.

"A book of schoolboy 'rags'" is Mr. Coke's description of this set of amusing stories, chiefly of would-be public schools. The victims are mostly self-satisfied heads with no understanding of the boyish mind, muscular bullies, and the like; but youthful cunning does not always come off best, and the moral to be gathered is that character tells. Mr. H. M. Brock's illustrations add much to the attractiveness of the volume.

Domville (Barry). U-BOAT 202: the war diary of a German submarine. By Lieutenant-Commander Freiherr von Spiegel, of Peckelsheim. Translated from the German by Captain Barry Domville, R.N. Melrose, 1919. 8 in. 170 pp., 2/6 n.

Captain Domville states that he "was given this little book on board a German submarine, and found it to be such an excellent description, simply told, of everyday life on board a submarine at sea in war-time," that he "endeavoured to translate it into English." The eighteen pen-sketches in the volume embody some stirring accounts of the Freiherr's adventures, in one of which he asserts that an English transport hospital-ship, "laden with guns right fore and aft," and "an army of soldiers and horses," was proceeding under the Red Cross flag.

Guillaumin (Emile). THE LIFE OF A SIMPLE MAN. Translated by Margaret Holden. With a foreword by Edward Garnett. Selwyn & Blount [1919]. 7½ in. 288 pp., 7/ n. 843.9

An excellent translation of M. Guillaumin's "La Vie d'un Simple," than which, probably, few more finished, just, and truthful pictures of the daily life of a husbandman and his kind, almost from the cradle to the grave, or of the mental attitude and humble philosophy of a French peasant, have been set forth in literature.

***Holme (Constance).** THE SPLENDID FAIRING. Mills & Boon [1919]. 7½ in. 315 pp. il., 6/ n.

A fine sense of atmosphere pervades this story. Distinctive features of a book which, without hesitation, can be pronounced an able piece of work, are the striking descriptions of the marshland farm, its gloomy surroundings, and the tidal wave; the acute portrayal of the struggling farmer, Simon Thornthwaite, and his wife, who have never prospered, and are crushed in spirit by misfortune; and the vigorous limning of the wife of the farmer's younger brother, whose gibes unhinge her sister-in-law's mind, and contribute to the final catastrophe. The account of the afternoon at Blindbeck is overlong; but the novel as a whole is a notable achievement, and should enhance Miss Holme's reputation as a writer of fiction that must be read.

***Mackenzie (Compton).** POOR RELATIONS. Secker, 1919. 7½ in. 314 pp., 7/6 n. See review, p. 1035.

Neill (A. S.). THE BOOMING OF BUNKIE: a history. Jenkins, 1919. 8 in. 318 pp., 6/ n.

By dint of broad, farcical humour the author manages to carry off the utter impossibility of his situations. The little seaside town of Bunkie attains the rank of a popular resort on the east coast of Scotland, chiefly through cunning exploitation of the natives and the highly original advertisements of Peter MacMunn.

Noble (Edward). CHAINS ("Constable's Popular Series." Constable [1919]. 7 in. 320 pp., 2/ n.

***Sabatini (Rafael).** THE JUSTICE OF THE DUKE ("Stanley Paul's New 1/9 net Novels"). Stanley Paul [1919]. 7 in. 252 pp., 1/9 n.

Fifth edition (one of the first two volumes of Messrs. Stanley Paul's new series).

***Shaw (George Bernard).** CASHEL BYRON'S PROFESSION. 336 pp. THE IRRATIONAL KNOT. 335 pp. LOVE AMONG THE ARTISTS. 331 pp. THE UNSOCIAL SOCIALIST. 332 pp. app. (all in "Constable's Popular Series") Constable, 1914 [sic]. 7 in., 2/ n. each.

Wylie (I. A. R.). ALL SORTS. Mills & Boon [1919]. 8 in. 305 pp., 6/ n.

Considerable variety and a fecund imagination are characteristic of the nine stories by Miss Wylie here collected. "Holy Fire," an impressive little tale of a Russian priest's care for his sanctuary lamp; "Tinker—Tailor—," an amusing account of a skilful coat-cutter, whose patriotic aspirations clash with his sartorial labours; "John Prettyman's Fourth Dimension," a somewhat weird sketch; and "An Episcopal Scherzo," the right reverend hero of which has some remarkable adventures in doubtful circles are among the more prominent of these very readable short stories.

Wyllarde (Dolf). YOUTH WILL BE SERVED ("Stanley Paul's New 1/9 net Novels"). Stanley Paul [1919]. 7 in. 248 pp., 1/9 n. Seventh edition.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES, &c.

Freir (F. W.). CANADA: the land of opportunities. Black, 1919. 8 in. 154 pp. index, 3/6 n. 917.1

The object contemplated by Mr. Freir is the enlightenment of those thinking of emigration to Canada on the prospects offered by the different provinces, the kind of farming that pays best, and the way to set about acquiring land and bringing it under cultivation. He gives practical advice on such matters as the journey to the Dominion, the cost of living, and the occupations open to persons having no capital, and has chapters on speculation in real estate, mortgages, progress in the cities, etc.

920 BIOGRAPHY.

***James (Montague Rhodes).** HENRY THE SIXTH: a reprint of John Blacman's memoir, with translation and notes. Cambridge, Univ. Press, 1919. 9½ in. 76 pp. notes, boards, 5/ n. 920

A review will appear.

Lehmann (Liza). THE LIFE OF LIZA LEHMANN: by herself. Fisher Unwin [1919]. 8 in. 244 pp. il. pors., 10/6 n. 920 See review, p. 1042.

Pearse (Patrick Henry).

***Ryan (Desmond).** THE MAN CALLED PEARSE. Maunsell, 1919. 7½ in. 130 pp. boards, 4/6 n. 920

Mr. Ryan was a pupil of St. Enda's, "Sgoil Eanna," the school founded by the subject of this appreciative memoir. Patrick Henry Pearse, states the author, was a Separatist, a Republican, and an advocate of physical force. "He always believed in an ultimate appeal to arms, claiming that no subject nation had won freedom otherwise, with the solitary exception of Norway, where the threat of force had been implied." His ideal was "Ireland not merely free but Gaelic as well." The author remarks that Pearse accomplished the three wishes he had so often expressed: to edit a bilingual newspaper, to found a bilingual secondary school, and to start a revolution. An account of William James

Pearse, who was executed twenty-four hours after his brother, is included in the book, the sixth and seventh chapters of which relate to the writings and social ideals of Patrick Pearse. The author remarks that Pearse "admired the spirit of the more forward sections of the Labour movement of Great Britain, the Women's Suffrage movement, which he pronounced unconquerable, inasmuch as the women feared neither hunger nor death; and while never avowedly a Socialist, he saw through the canting hypocrisy which relies for its criticism of Socialism entirely upon the exploitation of religious and moral prejudices." "It would be inaccurate to call him a Socialist, Syndicalist, or a Bolshevik."

Petraccone (Enzo). LUCA GIORDANO: opera postuma, a cura di B. Croce. Naples, Ricciardi, 1919. 8 in. 245 pp., 7 lire. 920

This volume contains a study of the Neapolitan painter Luca Giordano by an able young critic who was killed in the war, with some bitterly sceptical dialogues written during the campaign. In sending them to Croce, who provides an interesting account of their author, he declares that he no longer believes in anything, not even in himself.

930-990 HISTORY.

***Abbott (Wilbur Cortez).** THE EXPANSION OF EUROPE (1415-1789). Bell, 1919. 2 vols. 9 in. 533, 481 pp. maps, illus. bibliog. index, 30/ n. 940.5

In these two handsome volumes Prof. Abbott presents a new synthesis of modern history. He has been guided by three considerations: (1) the connection of the social, economic and intellectual development of European peoples with their political affairs; (2) the inclusion of events in Eastern Europe and amongst Europeans overseas; (3) the way in which the various factors of modern life came into the current of European thought and practice. He has produced a book of great interest and importance.

Banerjee (Gauranga Nath). HELLENISM IN ANCIENT INDIA. Calcutta, Butterworth & Co, 1919. 7½ in. 384 pp. bibliogs. 7 rupees. 934

The author is of opinion that Greece played a part, but not a predominant part, in the civilization of ancient India. In the plastic arts, and especially in the details of some architectural forms, classical culture "acted as a ferment to revive the native qualities of the Indian artists without robbing them of their originality and subtlety"; and India, declares Mr. Banerjee, owes to Greece an improvement in astronomy and coinage, "but it had begun both."

Brown (Arthur Judson). THE MASTERY OF THE FAR EAST: the story of Korea's transformation and Japan's rise to supremacy in the Orient. Bell, 1919. 9 in. 681 pp. il. pors. map, index, 25/ n. 952

Mr. Brown, having previously written on China, the Philippines and Russia, now turns his attention to Japan and Korea. The book is pleasantly written and well illustrated, and contains a good deal of useful information. The author has a high opinion of the Christian missions in Japan, and thinks they are doing much to impart "moral uplift" to the people. One has to be careful, as he points out, in distinguishing between the conduct of Western Christian nations and the teachings of their missionaries, as in the early days the Japanese committed the error of supposing that there was a connection between these two things.

940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

Fleming (Atherton). HOW TO SEE THE BATTLEFIELDS. Cassell, 1919. 7 in. 124 pp. maps, 2/6 n. 940.9

Captain Fleming has written a clear account, illustrated by fourteen maps, of the most convenient routes for persons desirous of going over some of the ground where the forces of the Allied and Central Powers came to death grips. The book includes a transcript of a diary of the retreat from Mons, which was kept by a corporal of the 3rd Worcester Regiment. Readers of this guide are warned by the author that in order to see the really interesting parts of the lines, a good deal of "foot-slogging" is necessary.

Page (Edward). ESCAPING FROM GERMANY. Melrose, 1919. 7½ in. 405 pp. il. pors., 4/6 n. 940.9

Mr. Page refers in the preface to his lack of "literary skill or talent," but this modesty is unnecessary. As a simple,

direct, and explicit narrative of experiences at Antwerp* and in military prison camps at Münster, Dülmen, Essen, Friedrichsfeld, and elsewhere, the book is one of the most actual and appealing of the records which have come under our notice. Mr. Page, who is a private in the Royal Marine Light Infantry, and his comrades, made three attempts to escape from Germany. The last was successful. Some of the German guardians of these typically brave and tenacious Britons provided terrible examples of "man's inhumanity to man."

Twells (J. H.), Jr. IN THE PRISON CITY: BRUSSELS, 1914-18: a personal narrative. Melrose, 1919. 7½ in. 303 pp., 5/ n. 940.9

The author and a companion were having a holiday in the French Alps when war was declared. They journeyed to Paris, stayed there for a few days, and managed to travel to Brussels (their place of residence). Arriving in time to see the entry of the German troops, the author and her friend became virtual prisoners for four years, and experienced week by week the tyranny of the "iron fist," of which numerous instances are related.

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